

The Sketch

No. 799.—Vol. LXII.

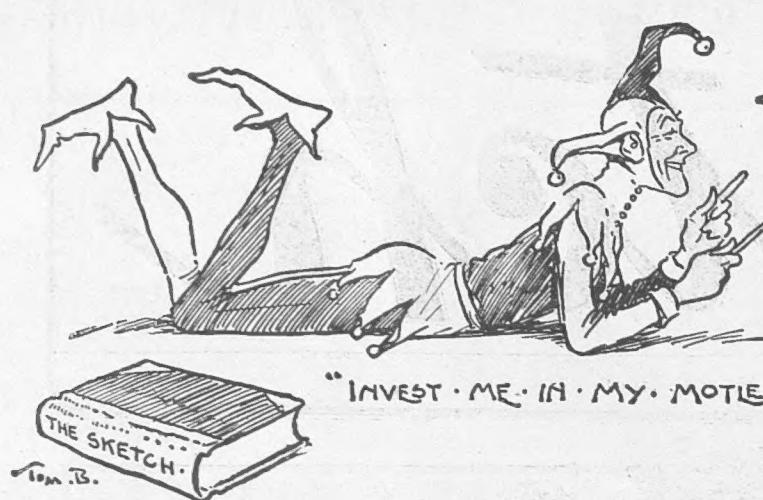
WEDNESDAY, MAY 20, 1908.

SIXPENCE.



SHE IN A SHEATH—THE MODERN MERVEILLEUSES: THE DRESSES THAT ALMOST CAUSED A RIOT
AT LONGCHAMP.

Four ladies, wearing the latest creations of a well-known Paris dressmaker, caused consternation at Longchamp the other day by the conspicuous Directoire cut of their costumes. A crowd followed them about, and summonses were issued for them to appear before the Correctional Court for disturbing public order. These summonses were withdrawn, however. The appearance of these ladies marks the return of at all events a section of fashionable Paris to dresses made more or less on the model of those worn by the Merveilleuses. The costume fits the figure very closely, and in some cases the skirt is slit up one side.



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND!"

The Philistine at the Table. "With regard to eating," I said. Dame Nature tossed her head. "You have a passion," she observed, "for getting out of your depth."

"But," I protested, "I eat."

"Yes," she admitted, "in an amateurish, catch-as-catch-can sort of way. Of the Art of Eating, my friend, you know nothing. Nothing whatever. D'you suppose I haven't seen you hurrying through your food to get to your cigar? Deny it, if you dare!"

I didn't dare, but I explained to the old lady, with some diffidence, that the act of eating bored me.

"Exactly," she cried triumphantly. "It bores you because you do not understand it. It bores you because you do not approach it in a spirit of reverence. It bores you because your soul stops short of your palate. You will die young, my friend, unless you mend your ways. And you will die dyspeptic."

"Save me from myself!" I pleaded, thoroughly frightened.

"I cannot undo the ill that you have already wrought," she said solemnly. "Yet, if you will heed my words, you may save a stitch or two."

I leaned forward.

What Happens to Diners. "What you eat matters little," explained the Dame, "always provided that you shun dishes that you know from experience will disagree with you. How you eat matters everything. Shall I tell you the most ordinary and the most disastrous fault of the eating Englishman?"

I begged that she would spare us not a whit.

"He eats too seldom, and he eats too much at a time. No human being, my friend, should go more than three hours without food. And no human being can afford to make what you call, of your illiteracy, a hearty meal. As far as I remember, you rely for subsistence mainly upon your dinner. Is that not so?"

I nodded, fearful lest speech should stay the flow of eternal wisdom.

"Very well. Imagine the result of this practice upon the character and welfare of your nation. This heavy meal, rammed into the body late at night, remains undigested until the morning. The stomach, weary and unwilling, is then assailed with fried bacon. Why fried bacon, in the name of all that is unspeakable? Because fried bacon is the only thing that the waking Englishman can taste. Follows a day of starvation, meaning a day of spiritless work, lack of initiative, lack of humour. Are you listening?"

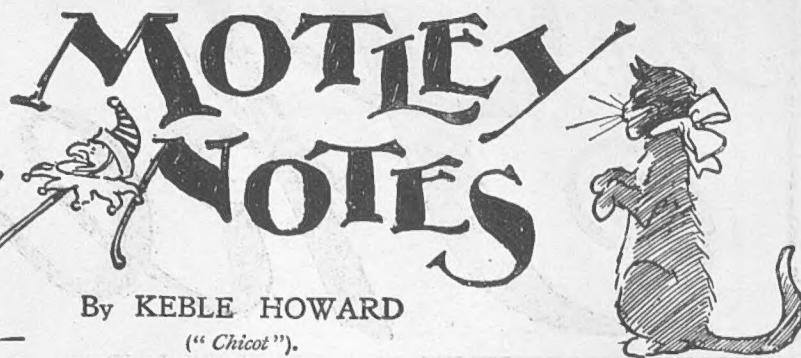
The Tale of Meals. "Earnestly," I assured her. "Then endeavour to look a little more intelligent. In fact, you had better ask me a question or two. It may help to keep you awake."

"Thank you, dear Dame," I said humbly. "How many meals per day would you recommend?"

"None," was the prompt answer. "I hate your term 'meal.' It suggests 'mealy-faced,' and generally leads to it. Literally, however, 'meal' is an admirable word, meaning any portion of food taken at any time. In that sense, you should take at least seven meals a day."

"Seven meals a day!" I echoed. "And what time would one have left for work?"

"I'll deal with that in a minute. I repeat that you should take seven meals a day, and the seven should be on this wise: (1) On first awaking, a meal of fruit. (2) An hour and a half



By KEBLE HOWARD
(*"Chicot"*).

later, having bathed and dressed, tea, and porridge, and things of that sort. (3) Something quite light but nourishing in the middle of the morning, say eleven-thirty. (4) Luncheon. (5) Tea and bread-and-butter. (6) Dinner. (7) Something light and nourishing about an hour before going to bed. I forgot to add that you should always finish the day with a glass of hot milk."

The Chocolate Croesus.

"Thank you very much indeed. And now with regard to sandwiching in a little work?"

"Sandwiching" is precisely the word. It is just as silly to work in a lump as to eat in a lump. A man does his best work when he is best nourished. Not stodged, mind you: nourished. You will see, therefore, that you should always work after a meal rather than before one. If Englishmen would only follow this simple rule, your nation would be far greater and far more prosperous than she is at present. Nine-tenths of the really bad bargains are driven during that hour immediately preceding luncheon. And the rest are driven after a heavy lunch or a heavy dinner. The successful business-man always keeps a stick of chocolate in his left-hand top drawer."

"I think," I said dreamily, "you are probably right."

"Right?" snapped the old lady. "Of course I'm right, you impudent rascal!"

I begged her pardon, and returned, rather hurriedly, to the question of Eating as an Art. I pointed out the difficulty of finding, at all times and in all places, congenial table companions.

The Dame lit a second cigarette.

The Dame's Dinner-Party.

"I am glad you have touched on that," she said eagerly. "There are few sillier things in your code of so-called civilisation than this practice of feeding in company—at all costs. To feed in congenial company is wise, providing that the company is not too exciting. The dumb animals, you may have observed, being infinitely wiser than you mere humans—inasmuch as they bow to my decrees without demur—always feed in solitude when they are allowed by Man so to do. Even the pig, the nearest possible approach to the human, loathes the trough-system. But you folk deliberately cultivate the trough-system, and the odd thing is that, in nine cases out of ten, you detest the other snouts. Hence spring all manner of evils, physical and mental. There is something, as I have admitted, to be said for quiet, congenial company; but you owe it to yourself never to sit at meat with those you dislike or those who bore you. As for the average dinner-party, it is merely a suicide club on a diminutive scale. Were I the hostess of humans, I would never have more than two at a table. After food, when the desire for company is right and proper, my guests could rearrange themselves according to inclination."

"A delightful scheme," I said, with genuine enthusiasm.

Lentils and Loquacity.

Seeing that she was about to disappear, I made haste to ask her opinion on the subject of vegetarianism. The old lady grinned.

"Thinking of trying it, laddie?"

"Would you advise it?"

"D'you want to get light-headed?"

"Is that the result of vegetarianism?"

"Have you never seen a piece of fluff in the wind?"

"You mean that the vegetarian lacks stability?"

"I mean that good meat in small quantities is a good deal better than garrulity in large quantities. Your vegetarian is always a talker, but England wasn't built up on talk. Talking of that . . .

MISDIRECTED DIRECTOIRE: THE NEW MERVEILLEUSE COSTUME.

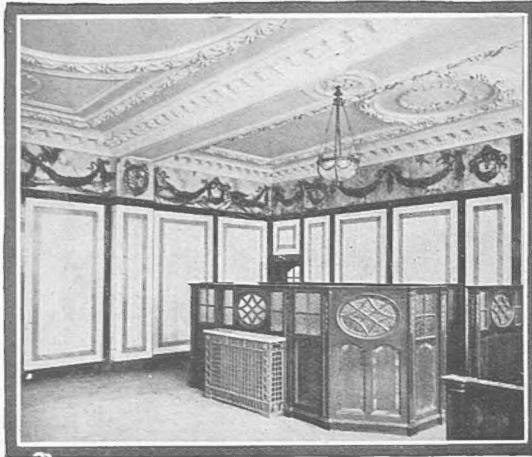


THE SILKEN, SHEATH-LIKE DRESSES THAT DREW A CROWD AT LONGCHAMP,
AND CAUSED THE POLICE TO INTERFERE.

As we noted under our front-page illustration, the appearance at Longchamp of the ladies whose portraits are given on this page and on our front page caused great excitement, and the police took the strong measure of requesting the ladies to leave the race-course (why, is not particularly apparent, as the police themselves afterwards thought, for they cancelled the summonses they had issued). The new Directoire costume resembles the actual Directoire dress (that worn by the famous Merveilleuses, and seen here in the play of that name) in some degree, but is far more modern in style than were those pseudo-classical garments. In point of fact, the maker of the dresses says that his creations were modelled on the drapery of Tanagra figures. In the corners are snapshots of some of those who watched the modern Merveilleuses' progress.



DEWAR'S LATEST LANDMARK



CORNER OF MAIN OFFICE.

Dewar's tower. You know—Dewar, the whisky people. You'll see the tower much better at night when they illuminate it." "Why do they illuminate it?" asks the country cousin, with the beautiful directness of speech that comes from living the simple life. "Because," says the jaded Londoner, "they are afraid that if ever you should want to drink a little whisky you may possibly forget what kind to order, and then you'll remember the tower and—" "Not *the* Tower?" asks the country cousin, who is just as merciless as a big K.C. when it comes to asking questions, "that isn't *the* Tower, is it?" "No, no," says the impatient Londoner, "Dewars haven't started advertising on *the* Tower yet—that's their tower." "Oh, I see," says the country cousin, "and they use it to advertise on: why didn't you say so before?"

A few weeks ago it became known that Dewars were going to have big new premises in the Haymarket. Now, many a country cousin has learnt that if you come across Waterloo Bridge from the station you can see Dewar's tower on the right, and that if you go from the Strand across the bridge, the tower is on your left. Therefore, the heart of many a country cousin, rightly proud of this little bit of knowledge about the topography of London, sank a few weeks ago when it became known that the big whisky firm intended opening new premises in the Haymarket. How can any country cousin, anxious to show off his (or her) knowledge of London to a group of admiring friends in the country, talk lightly about having seen "Dewar's place" when they are not quite sure where the Haymarket is, or whether Dewar's tower is to be moved there? In that last sentence the writer has purposely endeavoured to cheer the heart of the country cousin. For full explanation see the next paragraph.

It will be seen that the writer has suggested that some country cousins do not know where the Haymarket is. In that suggestion lies an excuse for the country cousin to come to London for a little jaunt. Most country cousins of the right kind are so anxious to get hold of a good excuse for coming to London that they will doubtless write letters expressing their gratitude to the writer for having given them an easy one. All the authorities on London agree that a man or a woman who does not know where the Haymarket is cannot be said to know London properly. Therefore, it behoves every country cousin to come and see the Haymarket. They will then be able to go home and tell their friends—"We saw the Haymarket—you know, the place where Dewar's is—their new building, a fine place."

At this point there is probably a chorus, from Londoners, as well as from country cousins, of "Is the old tower—Dewar's tower—going to disappear?" Nothing of the kind. Anticipating other questions the writer answers them. The tower will remain, and the advertisement with it. The tower probably cost quite a lot of money to build in the early part of the eighteenth century, and it is practically as sound now as it was when it was erected. Many a Londoner has hitherto had a vague idea that Dewar's make their whisky in the tower, but although the manufacture of whisky is a secret business, depending as it does for success on the skilful way in which different whiskies are blended, it is nevertheless an open secret that Dewar's whisky, being Scotch whisky, is made in Perth. All the whisky that London requires is shipped direct from Perth to the wharf by the side of the Thames, for which the famous tower is now the landmark. What then, you may ask, does the firm want with new premises in the Haymarket, if they are not going to vacate their old place? The answer is simple enough. When a business increases as Dewar's has increased in the last twenty-two years, new and larger premises

become an absolute necessity. Hence the opening last week of Dewar House, Haymarket, which will be used for offices. The old wharf will still be used as a dépôt and stores.

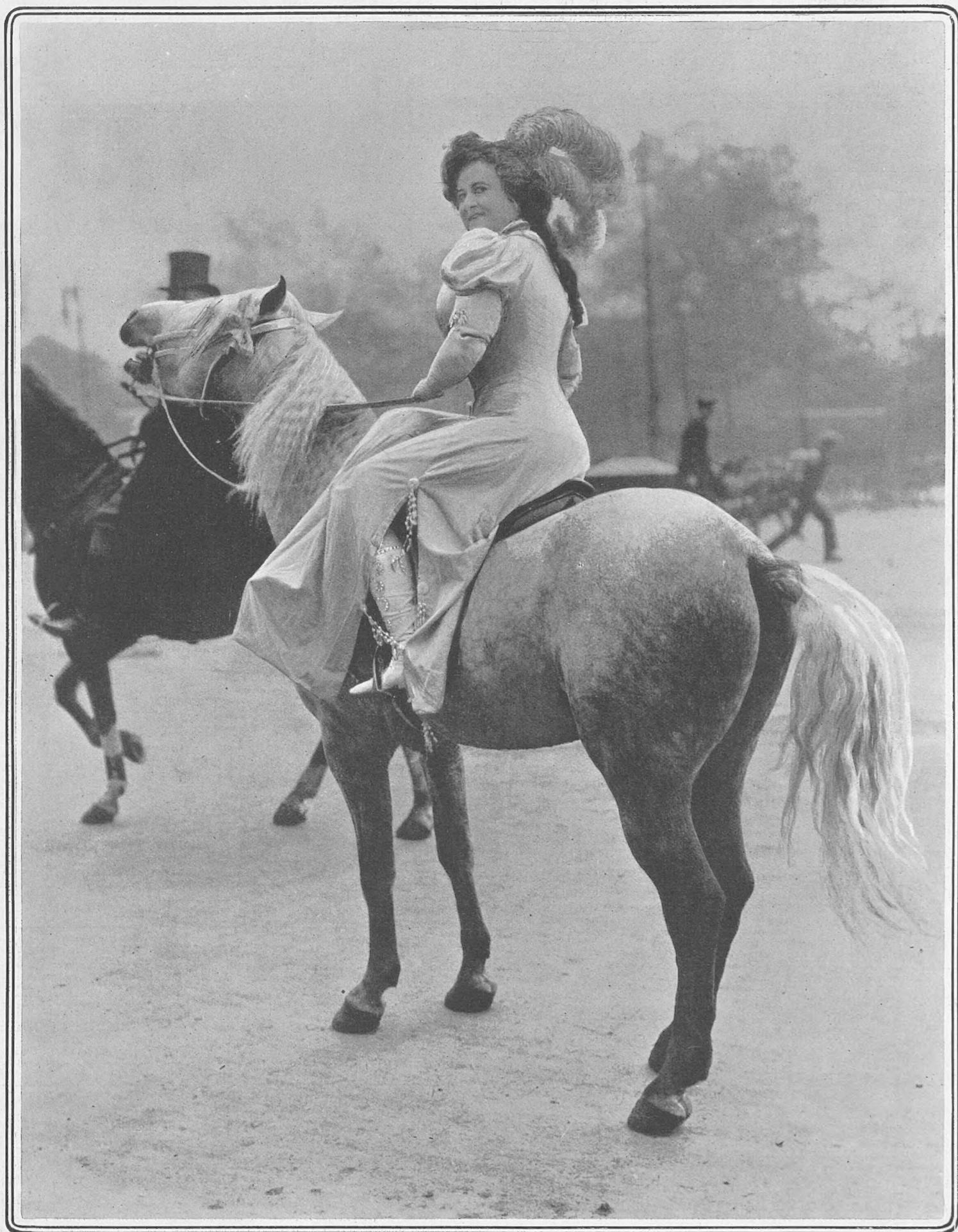
There was a business reason and a sentimental reason why Dewar House was built in the Haymarket. Sir Thomas Dewar and his brother, Sir John Dewar, Bart., M.P., are the two managing directors of the firm. When Sir Thomas came to London, twenty-two years ago, to establish a London and export trade, he soon came to the conclusion that for all business purposes Charing Cross was the centre of London, and his first London offices were not far from that spot. Afterwards the offices were moved to the City, but Sir Thomas considered that the move was not a good one, and now he is more than ever convinced that his first impression—that Charing Cross is the business centre of London—was correct. Therefore, in having new offices built he determined to get as near as possible to Charing Cross, and the site in the Haymarket was selected.

The new building, of which an illustration is here given, was designed by Mr. F. M. Elgood, A.R.I.B.A., and the connection of the firm with Scotland is marked by the solid Aberdeen granite used in the building, and the carved lion of Scotland and the bunches of thistle. The royal coat-of-arms is carved in granite over the principal doorway. The main room on the ground floor is the reception-hall, lined with a pale-green veined marble, specially obtained from America. An alabaster frieze runs entirely round the hall, and the decoration on this is mainly a series of wreaths and festoons of barley, with the rose, thistle, and shamrock skilfully worked in. The ceiling is richly modelled and panelled in plaster. Around the reception-hall are ranged the offices of the heads of the various departments. Separate access to the upper floors of the building is



provided by a wide entrance from the Haymarket, protected by a pair of handsome bronze gates. One may safely prophesy that Dewar House will soon be included by everyone among "the sights of London."

THE DRESS THAT ALMOST UPSET MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL.



"DIRECTOIRE" COSTUME IN THE ROW: MLLÉ. TITCOMBE IN THE SENSATIONAL RIDING-HABIT
SHE WORE IN THE PARK LAST SATURDAY.

Mlle. Titcombe, wearing the "Directoire" dress in which she is here shown, went for a ride in the Row on Saturday last, and created a sensation. Amongst those who were riding in the Park at the time was Mr. Winston Churchill. Naturally, the President of the Board of Trade turned to look at the equestrienne, with the result that he and a foreign gentleman who also turned to gaze came into collision. Mlle. Titcombe, who is appearing at the London Hippodrome, afterwards described her dress as follows: "It was a white broadcloth costume, fitting closely to the figure, the dress being slashed open on the left side to the knee, with passementerie straps across, and white pearl buttons down the front. The corset coat was open in front, and had a white lace yoke and short sleeves. The small jewelled hat had three large white ostrich-feathers on the left side, and my hair was worn in rolls, parted on the left side, the same as I always wear it. I had long white-leather boots, and white silk tights completed the costume."

Photograph by Park.

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May 20, 1908. Signature.....

SMALL TALK



ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT OF THIS SEASON'S HOSTESSES: MRS. CYRIL POTTER.

Photograph by Thomson.

entertainer, both in and out of town, for her husband is a member of the Royal Yacht Squadron, and they are, of course, a good deal at Cowes.

A Dainty Fairy Godmother. Miss Elizabeth Asquith, the younger daughter of the new Premier, was the heroine, the "leading lady," of the charming fete given at Claridge's last week. She undertook the arduous rôle of the Fairy Godmother in the little play entitled "The Three Wishes," and very brilliantly she performed her part, showing a self-possession and smiling gaiety seldom found in so young a performer. Little Miss Asquith is very like her gifted mother; she is being educated with great care, a special feature of her training being a thorough acquaintance with foreign languages. Even at three years old she could recite in French and German, as well as in English.

A Canadian Prima-Donna. Canada has produced a prima-donna, and a particularly interesting prima-donna, because she represents in her own person, or, rather in the person of her husband, the dominant Britisher, whilst she herself is of French descent. Two centuries ago, her ancestor from the smiling shores of Brittany arrived at Quebec, and there the family has remained ever since. After marrying the Hon. Cecil Edwardes and settling for a time in British Columbia, the new singer adopted the operatic stage

as a profession. Now she is to please and startle Covent Garden into vociferous applause by the beauty and quality of her voice, trained by that master of modern teachers, Jean de Reszke. It is a feather in the cap of Canada, and a feather in the cap of the genial Jean, that his pupil, without any public appearance or any prefatory heralding, has succeeded in arriving on the stage of the Royal British Opera House. Besides being dowered with a most ravishing voice,

Mrs. Edwardes is charming to look upon, and has a face and figure and a dainty French grace which will certainly evoke the admiration of Covent Garden. One colony has given us Melba; another gives us Mrs. Cecil Edwardes, who is a sister-in-law of Lord Kensington.

A Future Débutante.

Lady Clare Annesley, who is now fifteen, will be one of the prettiest débutantes of 1910. She is even now the constant companion of her lovely mother, and often helps her to do the honours both of Lord Annesley's delightful town house and of his splendid Irish estate. Lady Clare is the elder of two sisters.

The Court Jester. Sir Walter Parratt, who has just been appointed Professor of Music at Oxford, once laughingly christened himself "the Court Jester." He certainly is master of a quick wit and ready repartee, as well as Master of the King's Musick. A tall, bright-faced, bearded man, with the long, well-shaped nose which bespeaks the true artist, he is the hero of stories innumerable. One evening, he dined *en famille* with Princess Christian and her daughters at Cumberland Lodge, and he happened to be the only gentleman present. When the ladies had left the dinner-table, Sir Walter fell into a brown study in front of a large dish of strawberries. The next thing he knew was that the strawberries had all gone, and in their place was a pile of stalks! What was he to do? With characteristic decision, he divided the stalks among the other empty plates on the table, and betook himself to the drawing-room. But a little bird must have told, for Princess Christian chaffed him about it unmercifully.

What is Whisky? reminds us of the story of the very thirsty Scot who was obliged to stay for some time in a Prohibitionist State on business. He was told he could get whisky at the chemist's as a remedy for snake-bite, and that the chemist

always kept a snake in the shop for the purpose of biting customers. So he ran to the shop and said, "Hoots, man, bring out your sarpint!" But the man of drugs looked at him pityingly, and replied, "Say, stranger, I guess I won't have my snake overworked — he's booked up three deep till next fall."



NOT THE "WHAT-IS-IT?" THE LEOPARD ARRIVES AT THE CHILDREN'S FÊTE.

Photograph by the Topical Press.



"GALLANT LITTLE WALES": MISS BEATRICE BYRNE IN THE CHILDREN'S FÊTE AT CLARIDGE'S.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.



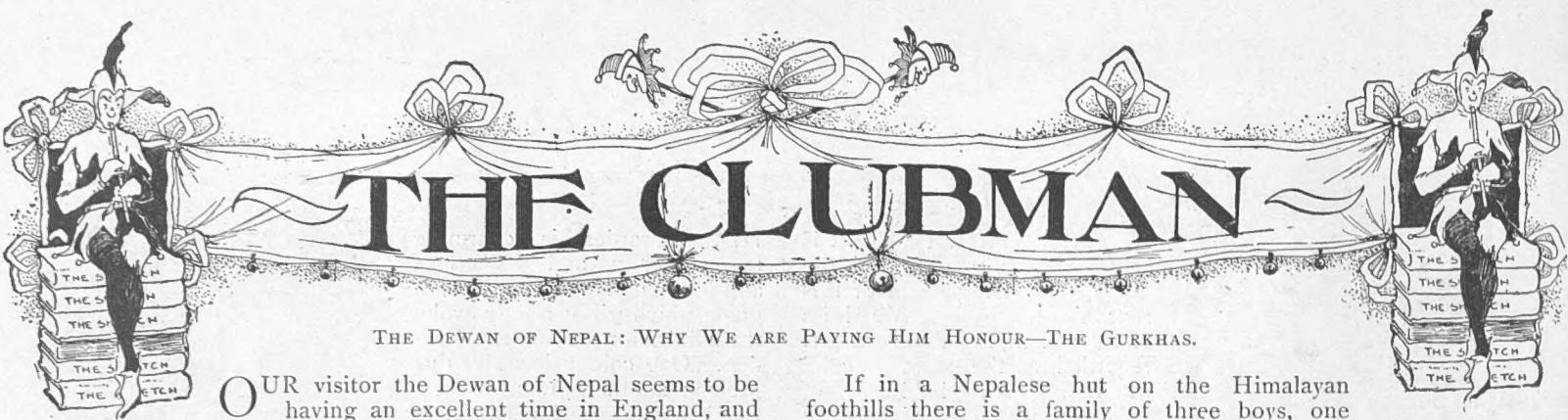
THE PRIME MINISTER'S DAUGHTER AS A FAIRY GODMOTHER: MISS ELIZABETH ASQUITH IN THE DRESS SHE WORE IN "THE THREE WISHES."

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.



AN OUTLAW AT THE CHILDREN'S FÊTE: THE ARRIVAL OF ROBIN HOOD.

Photograph by the Topical Press.



THE DEWAN OF NEPAL: WHY WE ARE PAYING HIM HONOUR—THE GURKHAS.

OUR visitor the Dewan of Nepal seems to be having an excellent time in England, and no doubt he will take many pleasant memories back with him. We are fortunate in having in Lord Morley an Indian Secretary whose austere face and dignified appearance are certain to impress all the Princes of the East with whom he is brought into contact. The Dewan, who is the fourth brother of Bir Shumshere, is, I hear, a very good-natured, very friendly Prince, and as he has at his elbow the present and an ex-British Resident in Nepal, he is not likely to make any mistakes, nor will our India Office authorities commit any of those gaucheries of which in the past there have been a long list.

When the Maharajah Holkar, a touchy Indian Prince, paid a visit to this country he was very irritated that he was sent to an hotel, instead of to a palace as the nation's guest, and that he was only given an escort of Hussars, while a Queen of a little island, a lady of very dusky hue, was given an escort of Household troops. A Rajah in India sends to a dak-bungalow—the Eastern equivalent of our hotel—all the people whom he does not want inside the palace. His debtors and tailors and jewellers, and men with patent machines and toys, and prospectors stay on in the rooms of this bungalow, hoping every day to see the great man, and bearing their daily disappointment as best they may. When an Eastern Prince goes back to his dominions saying that when in London he was sent to stay at a dak-bungalow, it means that he is not in the best of tempers. The Dewan of Nepal will have no cause of complaint on this score, for he has been housed in a mansion which in any country but our own would be called a palace, and almost as much honour has been paid to him as though he were a royal ruling prince.

There are various excellent reasons why we should be good friends with Nepal and its rulers, one being that we get some of the best soldiers in our Indian Army, the little Gurkhas, from Nepal. The Gurkhas are really our foreign legion in India. They come out of their own country by permission of their Government, and serve the period of their enlistment in the British forces, generally going back to their beloved native hills and their simple life as herdsmen when they have served their term in India. Every year Gurkha recruiters go into Nepal, and come out again each with one or two little bronze-coloured men—splendid fighting material in the rough. So keen are these embryo warriors that they insist on beginning to learn their drill even before they have been medically examined and officially attested.

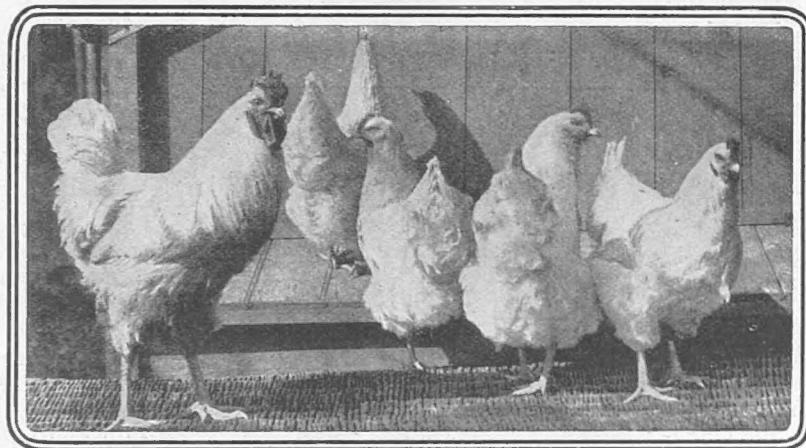
If in a Nepalese hut on the Himalayan foothills there is a family of three boys, one of them will go up to Khatmandu to serve in one of the Maharajah's regiments. He is allowed to go back to his home when there is any tilling or harvesting to be done. The next son will wait till one of the Gurkha

recruiters comes to his part of the hills, and, without requiring to be told tales of the splendours of the cities of India and the glorious times that await him there, he shoulders his folded blanket, containing the few possessions he has in the world, and goes across the border to serve the British Raj and the Emperor of India. This boy in the British Gurkha regiment is the dandy of the family, for there is more prestige in serving our King than in serving the Gurkhas' own Maharajah. The third son will stay at home and herd the one or two little mountain cows which scramble like goats on the hillsides.

Curiously enough, the Nepalese whom we enlist for our regiments are not the class that the Nepalese themselves prefer. The thick-headed little Gurkhas are not considered sufficiently intelligent by the Nepalese to form the bulk of their forces, though they have some Gurkha Regiments. They draw the men of their crack corps from the inhabitants of the big valleys amongst the hills—high-caste Brahmins most of them, like their rulers. We go to the Western mountains for our Gurkhas, who, if they have any caste at all, are given dispensations by their priests on every possible occasion, and are therefore able to eat and drink with Europeans, which forms one of the many bonds of union in India between them and Mr. Thomas Atkins, who plays cricket with them and on occasions entertains them at the canteen or institute.

At one period of my service, being quartered at an Indian hill-station, and a battalion of Gurkhas being our neighbours and particular friends, we used to play every possible game against them in companionable rivalry. At football the officers of the Gurkhas were too few in number to form a team, so some of the little men were put in to make up the number.

At first they thought it impolite to charge the sahibs of the British regiment; but when it was explained to them that the sahibs liked it and expected it, the Gurkhas determined to gratify them. A little man would make a rush and fling himself, almost rolled into a ball, at a sahib. If he hit him, he generally knocked him down. If he missed him, he bounded up off the ground none the worse.



FOR THE PADEREWSKI HEN-ROOST: THE £1520 WHITE ORPINGTONS PURCHASED BY MME. PADEREWSKI.

The five crystal-white Orpingtons (a cock and four hens) were purchased by Mme. Paderewski from the Kellerstrass poultry farm, near Kansas City, U.S.A., and cost £1520. The birds have won any number of prizes in America. The strain was originally imported from England by Mr. Kellerstrass, who paid £40 for a cock. The most valuable of the five birds is the hen Victoria (the fourth bird from the left), who is valued at £500. From left to right the names of the birds are Crystal King, Lady Helen, Cristina, Victoria, and Olga.

Photograph by A. J. Inland.

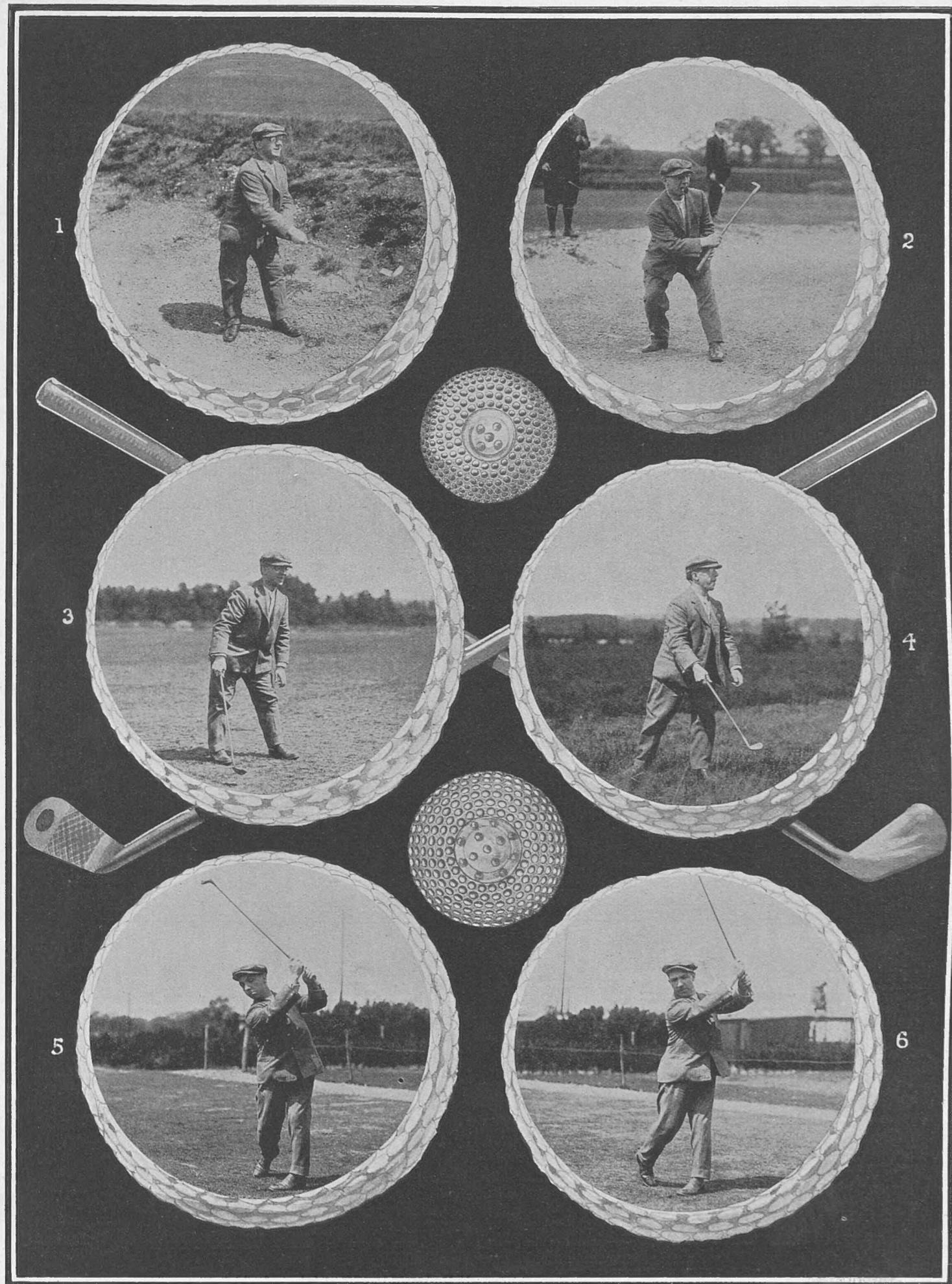


SOUSA OUTSOUSA-ED: THE GYMNASTIC CONDUCTOR, MR. HAYDN REANO.

Mr. Reano is appearing at the London Coliseum with an English band of reed and brass. He has been called "the English Sousa," and if anything, his gesticulations are wilder than those of the American March King. He is here shown in a characteristic attitude.

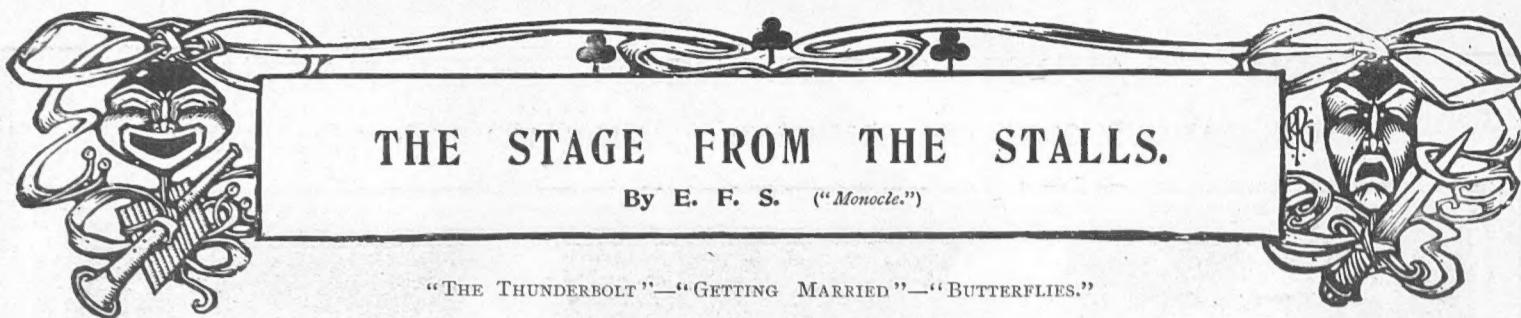
Photograph by Park.

HARRY LAUDER "GOES ROON FOR NAETHIN'" :
THE FAMOUS SCOTTISH COMEDIAN PLAYING HIS NATIONAL GAME.



1. WELL OUT OF A BUNKER.
2. AFTER A GOOD SHOT OUT OF A BUNKER.
3. PLEASED WITH THE RESULT OF AN APPROACH.
4. NOT TOO PLEASED WITH A SHOT FROM THE ROUGH.
5. THE FINISH OF HIS DRIVE.
6. A TRIAL SWING BEFORE DRIVING.

Mr. Lauder's handicap is twenty. Part of the patter of his song, "The Saftest o' the Family" (published by Messrs. Francis, Day and Hunter) is as follows: "I was walkin' doon on the gowf-links the ither day, an' I says to a chap there—'Shall I carry yer clubs for ye, Sir, and go roon wi' ye for half-a-croon?' 'Go 'way, boy,' says he. 'Let me be yer caddie an' I'll go roon wi' ye for eighteen-pence,' says I. 'Go 'way hame, boy, and wash yer face,' says he. Then he takes up his club and makes a great swish at the ba'; yes, and he misses it; but he digs out a lump of earth as big as my slate! 'What!' says I, 'you play gowf!' says I; 'I'll go roon wi' ye noo for naethin', just for the fun o' the thing!'—[Photographs by Dixon and Co.]



"THE THUNDERBOLT"—"GETTING MARRIED"—"BUTTERFLIES."

THE week has seen new plays by two of our leading dramatists, and they represent in an interesting fashion the North and the South Pole of dramatic art. "The Thunderbolt" shows perfect mechanism and something more; "Getting Married" is merely a wonderful impromptu: yet there is a link, for both plays, unlike our stock drama, exhibit some real human beings. In Mr. Shaw's piece most of the people are caricatures of the violence of farce, whilst in Mr. Pinero's they belong to comedy. We know that the Mortimores of Singlehampton and their spouses exist. I notice that there have been bitter complaints in the provinces that the picture of the Mortimores is unjust to the provincials; certainly, as I have said elsewhere, Mr. Pinero has been unkind in not giving them an opportunity of exhibiting the good qualities they undoubtedly possess, but he has been fair enough to show that Rose, who was caught young and taken to London, and her husband, Colonel Ponting, who is not supposed to be provincial at all, are just as selfish and narrow-minded as the others. Although I am provincial by birth and education, I think that the attack upon Mr. Pinero is unjust; certainly he does not allege that we are worse than the native Londoners: he merely studies selfishness with a peculiar local colour, without suggesting that the selfishness is purely local; nor do I believe he wishes to suggest that a "Dicky Sam" such as I am, or a Manchester man, or other countryman is essentially in any way inferior to the pure-born Cockneys. Wrath against "The Thunderbolt," if well founded, should be based upon the idea that it is a general and not a local attack on humanity. It is cruel enough, but very interesting; we may all of us squirm a little, and be thrilled a good deal, and the critical must delight in the pure skill of the workmanship and solid pictures of human beings, most of them exhibited under very unfavourable circumstances. After all, it is the function of the dramatist to display rather the bad qualities that we hide than the good ones which we flaunt.

The fine, powerful play—not written all about money, as some suggest, but about human beings in relation to it—is admirably acted. One cannot record all the good performances—there were too many—last week; still, one must speak of Miss Mabel Hackney and her strong, nicely restrained picture of the unselfish felon Mrs. Thaddeus Mortimore, and the striking picture of her husband presented by Mr. George Alexander. Moreover, there was Mr. Louis Calvert's able character-painting in the part of James; and the excellent study of a country solicitor by Mr. Beveridge. One cannot overlook Miss May Palfrey's clever Londonised provincial, Mrs. Ponting, or the promising first performance by pretty Miss Stella Campbell.

Why should there be complaints from the provinces about the insolence of Londoners when we have such a savage picture of Cockneys as Mr. Bernard Shaw presents in "Getting Married," which exhibits only three likable creatures out of a dozen—the Bishop, and his wife, and the greengrocer? What a pity that Mr. Shaw and Mr. Pinero do not collaborate in a comedy, so that there might be a sound dramatic

foundation for the delicious impertinences of the Fabian. "Getting Married" really needs a backbone. Mr. Shaw is an abominably, intolerably clever man, but he cannot prevent a three hours' banquet of pickles from becoming a little monotonous, and playgoers are ungrateful and have short memories. Give them a piece with the first half dull and the second lively and they will speak enthusiastically about it, having forgotten their early boredom; put it the other way about, and they are wrathful, oblivious of ninety minutes' vivid pleasure, which is more than we get, as a rule, out of a dozen plays. I know that "Getting Married" tailed off a little towards the end; perhaps the author contrived this on purpose so as to suggest an analogy between the play and marriage itself, and he introduced strange episodes in the final section in order to lure the critics into saying things that might enable him to kill them all for the tenth or eleventh time. But that is only pretty Bernard's way, and we are just as much accustomed to being skinned as eels are, and few of us bear malice. Still, it was vastly clever and most of it intensely amusing and embellished by glimpses of real thought. Of course it was very

well acted. Mr. Henry Ainley gave an ideal performance as the amiable, intelligent Bishop; Miss Mary Rorke was most lovable as his wife; and we roared at Mr. Charles Fulton, the "silly soldier man"; and Mr. Robert Loraine, the entertaining, self-confessed snob; and Mr. William Farren Junior, the gallant old boy who had humbugged the Divorce Court; and Mr. James Hearn, the reformed solicitor. Moreover, Miss Marie Löhr was charming as the innocent polyandrous Leo, and Miss Beryl Faber as "the English lady." Miss Auriol Lee played cleverly as the plainly speaking bride. Miss Fanny Brough acted admirably in the part of the puzzling Mrs. G., and Mr. Holman Clark was delightful as her brother-in-law.

Mr. Locke has been wise in converting "The Palace of Puck" into the book of a musical play, and the result is something more fanciful and coherent than what we generally get, and therefore better. It gives full scope for the talent of the ever-popular Ada Reeve, whose appearance at the Apollo was



A TREE CLIMBING A TREE: MISS FELICITY TREE, DAUGHTER OF MR. BEERBOHM TREE, IN THE COSTUME SHE WORE IN "THE THREE WISHES."

"The Three Wishes" was played by children at Claridge's Hotel last week, for the benefit of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.—[Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.]

hailed rapturously. She is excellently supported by Mr. Louis Bradfield, Mr. Hayden Coffin, and Mr. De Frece. The music of Mr. J. A. Robertson may not be startling in originality, but it is pleasant and tuneful, so the house was delighted, and "Butterflies" is likely to be less ephemeral than its name suggests.

OUR WONDERFUL WORLD! PADDLING IN DEW.



TAKING A REST AFTER WALKING BAREFOOTED OVER THE DEWY GRASS.



A MUSCLE-MAKING MACHINE IN USE AT THE "RETURN TO NATURE" HYDRO.



AN ELABORATE MACHINE FOR EXPANDING THE CHEST.



FOUR BATHS AT ONCE: A PATIENT UNDER TREATMENT.



PADDLING IN DEW: BAREFOOTED PATIENTS OUT WALKING.

"RETURNING TO NATURE FOR HEALTH," AT A HYDRO AT BURGESS HILL, NEAR BRIGHTON.

In the neighbourhood of Brighton there is a hydro which has for its motto, "Return to nature for health." Those who stay at it sleep in the open air, bathe in the sun, and when the dew has fallen, walk about the grass with bare feet—all actions designed to improve their health. At the hydro also are many ingenious contrivances for the strengthening of limbs, lungs, and so on.—[Photographs by Clarke and Hyde.]

FREE FROM THE CENSOR: PLOTS FROM PARIS.

"CANDIDA."
By Georges Bernard
Shaw.
Théâtre des Arts.

Mr. the Editor of the journal so spread *The Sketch*. My friend the journalist distinguished who in the ordinary writes upon this page has asked me, me a French, this week to speak to you of my impressions of the play who comes from producing herself in Paris of your humourist English, Shaw Georges-Bernard. I impress myself to make right to his desire. I begin—

Candida is the seductive spouse of a pastor of the most austere Morell James. He, the pastor, is, I believe it, a cunning. Oh, *là-là*, and how! He employs in his at home a tapper of the machine to write who has name Proserpine Garnett. She is of the tribe who wear the hair short and the boots—name of a pipe—the boots enormous long. She loves the reverend. And he—but, *ma foi*, I know not—The curtain rises himself. The Miss and the reverend converse, *ma foi*, a little longly. But in this play much is of a long! Enter another reverend, Monsieur Lexy. To him the Miss, who loves to imitate the reverend James — pardon, the reverend Morell James—makes a little sermon. She tell him that he does not know this, that, the other. They talk then of the wife of the reverend (the wife, you hear me, name of a little good man in grey), and the Miss laugh herself of her. "Eyes," she say, "yes, but me then? You have, then, never looked at me! Have not I, then, eyes also—all as her?" Monsieur Lexy smile, and go himself of it. It was but time. Presently Candida, it is to say Mistress Morell James, enters. She comes from the country. With her is returned a little young man, Marchbanks Eugène. It is of a shocking! He carries a soft shirt, and has a way of being of the most unpleasant. I say to me, "Le voilà donc le petit gigolo!" But le reverend Morell James he perceive himself of nothing. My faith, what will you that I shall say to you? A reverend and married, that is outside the nature. Well understood, the poor one he perceives himself of nothing.

Marchbanks Eugène is nervous. Morell James, at the ask of his wife, the imbecile, has paid the cab. He gives three francs. Marchbanks Eugène would have gave him ten. He says it—he admits it, "Yes, by blue!" He admits that, because of the felicity of his sojourn in the country with Madame Morell James, he would have gave ten francs to the cabman. And Morell James he perceives himself of nothing. Oh, the poor one! In truth, there are men to whom the misfortune falls of right. But I write for a journal of the most respectable, of the most English. I am silent.

Marchbanks Eugène, as I have say, is nervous. Morell James wish—how say you it in English?—to make better the hour that glitters. He talk. Marchbanks Eugène also talk. *Ma foi*, of talk in this play there is much. Candida (Madame Morell James) has

as is of a good woman of the household, prepared the lamp. Also she has prepared red onions for the supper of Morell James. See you the symbol of the onions? Tears, perhaps? I know not. Marchbanks Eugène is incensed of it. He twists himself of anger! He is furious! He foams of it! And Morell James he sees, there, nothing but fire, but nothing at all, the poor one. Name of a name of a name!

Then, of a sudden, Morell James perceives, not all, but something. For Marchbanks Eugène avows to him his love for Candida.

What does then Morell James? Seizes he him by the throat; invites he him in gallant man to beat himself; sends he him two of his friends, or, since we are in England, makes he the box? No! You shall believe me of it! He invites him to remain to dinner. What ought to come arrives. Not only does Morell James invite the gigolo of Mistress Candida to dinner, but he is of an imprudence (you pardon me) all British. He invites him, and he himself goes himself of it to—know I it, me?—to preach to make a discourse, in a word to be not there. And Marchbanks Eugène what does he in this play of the most extraordinary of Shaw Georges-Bernard? Me I awaited me of something of the most piquant. But what then? Marchbanks Eugène when raised itself the curtain of the third act sat at the feet of Candida. She in her hand holds the brass poker—to protect herself, no doubt. He, Marchbanks Eugène, reads always, reads of his poetry. But Candida, my faith I understand it, sleeps a little. It was not of the verses of Marchbanks Eugène that she would hear. And then with an immorality of the most enormous, Candida invites Marchbanks Eugène to stop himself in his reading and talk of nonsense.

Nonsense! Aha! I laugh. Returns Morell James. Does he then seize Marchbanks Eugène to the throat? Never of the life. Again they talk,

talk always. Marchbanks Eugène confesses again that he loves Mistress Morell. Morell James knows, he says, that he has lost her love, and that he, Marchbanks Eugène has it. And what results? Does Morell James console himself as he has done it no doubt before the letter with the Miss so eccentric of the machine to write? Sends he the spouse unfaithful to the house of her father so comic, so vulgar, so impossible? But no. He talks, and Marchbanks Eugène he talks also, and Candida she talks, and there is talk, and talk, and talk. Then Candida she recalls to Marchbanks Eugène that when he shall have thirty years she shall have forty-five. Of an absurd! As if a woman who respects herself ever shall have forty-five years! And Marchbanks Eugène goes himself of it. Rarely, dear Mr. the Redactor in Chief, have I seen a piece of theatre so extraordinary. I salute you well.

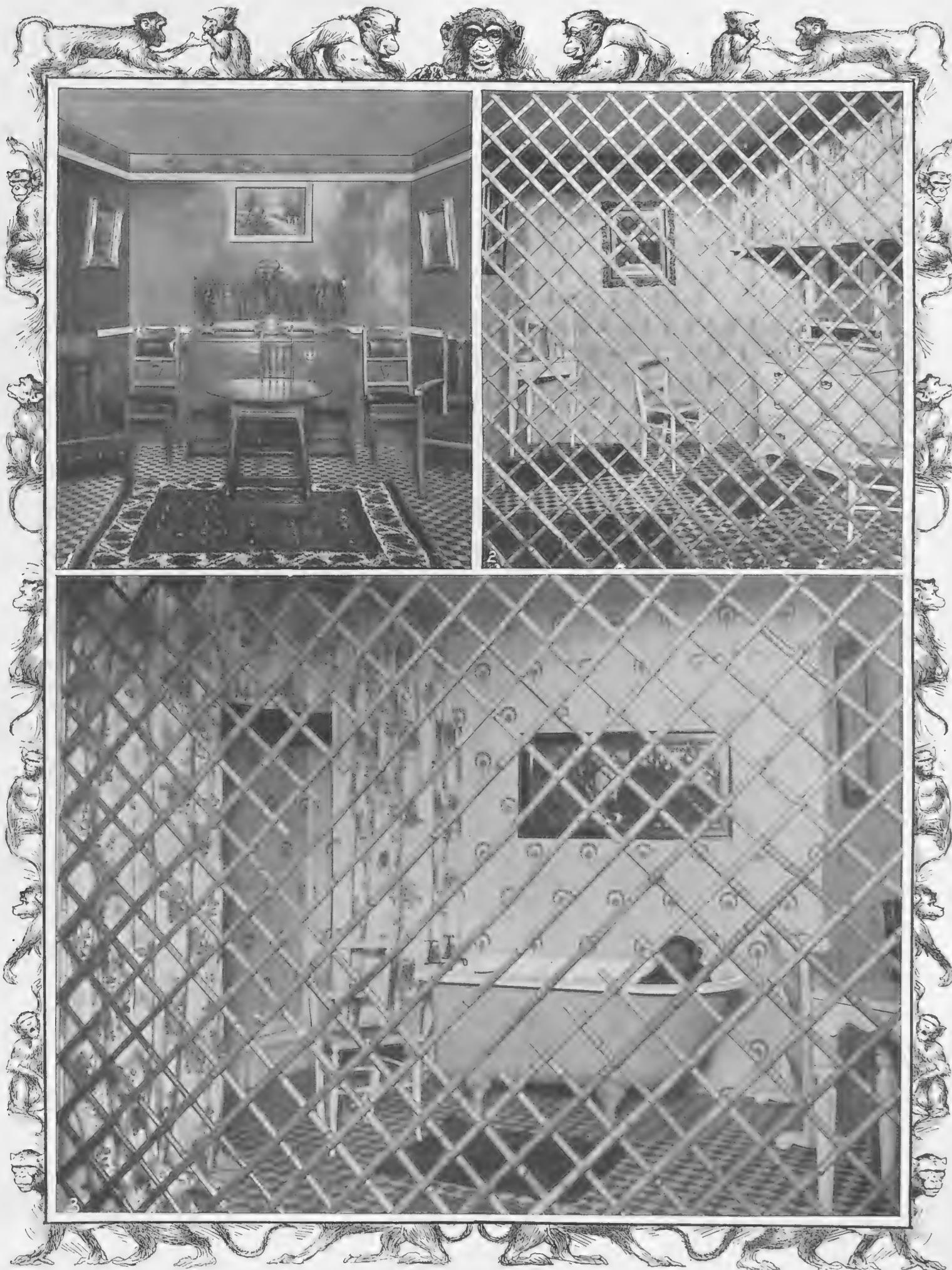
ARISTIDE LAPOMPE
(*Interim de John N. Raphael*)



MLLE. PROVOST, OF THE THÉÂTRE FRANCAIS, WHO IS APPEARING IN "L'AMOUR VEILLE."

Photograph by Reutlinger.

A MONKEY'S THREE-ROOMED FLAT: CONSUL AT HOME.



1. CONSUL'S DINING-ROOM.

2. CONSUL'S BED-ROOM.

3. CONSUL IN HIS BATH.

Consul, who, disguised as a musician, appeared on our front page the other day, is now established in the Bostock Jungle at Earl's Court in a comfortable three-roomed flat, which comprises dining-room, bed-room, and bath-room, with all the modern improvements.

Photographs specially taken for "The Sketch."



MR. HARRY CLIFTON TREVOR PARKER,
Who is Engaged to Miss C. H. Kentish.
Photograph by Thomson.

be honoured by a visit from both their Majesties. Next week may well be called, from the royal point of view, a Franco-British week, for every honour is to be shown to M. Fallières and his suite.

A New Engagement. Of interest to Irish and military society is the engagement of Mr. Harry Clifton Trevor Parker, late of the Royal Scots Greys, and youngest son of a distinguished officer of the 10th Foot, to Miss Caroline Hilda Kentish, the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Kentish, of Barkston Gardens. Mr. Parker has a pretty place at Blessington, County Wicklow.

The Duke of Westminster's Private Railway.

More than one great estate in the United Kingdom boasts of owning a private railway, but in no case is the line more perfect or successful than that which traverses the half of the Duke of Westminster's Eaton estates. The "E.R." as it is called, is chiefly used to bring goods destined for Eaton Hall from the Great Western Railway to the ducal mansion; but a delightful feature of the train is the open passenger-cars, in which a number of passengers can find room. This unique railway-line

covers about four-and-a-half miles, and its total cost is said to have been just under seven thousand pounds. All sorts of distinguished people have travelled by the Duke of Westminster's private railway, including both the King and Queen.

An Important Hostess.

One of the most successful of dance hostesses is Mrs. Saxton Noble, a daughter-in-law of Sir Andrew Noble. Mrs. Noble is fond of introducing charming novelties at her balls, and her cotillons have become famous—indeed, many a Parisian hostess might

envy the clever figures she devises. Next Tuesday a brilliant cotillon will be given by Mrs. Saxton Noble at her beautiful house in Eaton Place. A special feature of this popular lady's dances is the wonderful beauty of the floral decorations. The children of the house, who are exceptionally pretty, generally play some part in one of the figures; on one such occasion they appeared as a Pierrot and a fairy, wheeling into the ball-room a barrow full of malmaisons.

"Ham." Lord Desart, who is now retiring from the office of Public Prosecutor, which he has held with distinction for the last fourteen years, is known as "Ham" to his intimates, from his Christian name of Hamilton. He has another and a more terrifying baptismal name in "Agmondesham." A traveller, a cricketer, and an excellent shot, Lord Desart is very unlike the typical dryasdust lawyer. In fact, he started life as a middy in the Navy, and has been all the better as an official for being also a man of the world. The Cusses are a very charming and popular family. Lord Desart's daughter, Lady Sybil, married a clever young American, Mr. Bayard Cutting, and his brother and heir, Captain Otway Cusse, is Gentleman Usher to



MISS CAROLINE HILDA KENTISH,
Who is Engaged to Mr. H. C. T. Parker.
Photograph by Thomson.



THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER'S OWN RAILWAY: THE "E.R." LINE, WHICH RUNS OVER HALF HIS GRACE'S EATON ESTATES.

Photograph by Chidley.

the King. He is Mayor of Kilkenny, and has revived the woollen industry there.

Madame La Présidente.

The mistress of the Elysée, though actually she has no official rank in the Republic, is treated with almost sovereign respect by her husband's genial colleagues and their wives. She is in every sense the French ideal of wife and mother, and though she has been married some forty years, she is still a vigorous-looking woman. Madame Fallières comes by birth of good provincial legal stock; at the time of the marriage, the future President was regarded as an ambitious young man, too fond of politics ever to come to any good. His wife, however, had a firm belief in his Southern genius, and when they came to Paris, not long after her wedding, she at once set herself to win him adherents. Madame La Présidente has that most valuable of all qualities, tact, and during the many years that she has lived in the French official world, she has never made an enemy.



DEVISER OF FAMOUS COTILLONS: MRS. SAXTON NOBLE.
Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.



MADAME LA PRÉSIDENTE: MME. FALLIÈRES.
Photograph by Boyer.

THE MISSES TWEEDLEDUM AND TWEEDLEDEE, THE FAIR:
PUZZLE, FIND PHYLLIS.



THE MISSES PHYLLIS DARE AND GAY SYLVANI: CAN YOU IDENTIFY THEM?

Miss Phyllis Dare, we need scarcely remind our readers, is playing Peggy in "The Dairymaids" at the Queen's. Miss Gay Sylvani has been her understudy, and has further added to the interest taken in her by marrying a Bishop's grandson—to wit, Mr. George Fleming Mackarness, grandson of the late Bishop of Argyll and the Isles, and nephew of the Bishop of Oxford. Mr. Mackarness created the part of the wine-merchant in "Amasis," stage-managed Mr. Weedon Grossmith's "Night of the Party" company, and produced at the King's, Hammersmith (on Monday), a new play, "The Girl from Over the Border," in which his wife was the leading lady.

Photographs of Miss Phyllis Dare by Bassano; of Miss Gay Sylvani by Rita Martin. (See "Woman-About-Town" page.)



BY ERNEST A. BRYANT.

Miraculous
Indeed.

Professor Masterman has cast a bombshell by declaring that he can find no trace of any Act depriving ladies of the Suffrage. The only hope of those that love not the Suffragette is that the authenticity of the charter conferring such a prerogative may be successfully challenged. Cynical examiners find that many of our old statutes were forgeries. Westminster Abbey, as we all know, is alleged to have been consecrated by St. Peter himself, attended by a choir of angels, the grease of whose candles was afterwards found. The fishermen to whom they appeared turned up with a fat salmon for the abbot in the morning, and there was an agreement that for ever thereafter fishers of the Thames should pay a tribute of their catch to the Abbey. Centuries later the monks of the Abbey went to law with the Vicar of Rotherhithe for the tithe of salmon caught in his parish, protesting that it had been granted by St. Peter himself. Somehow the claim has since gone agley, and with it many others. The Saxon charters of the Abbey, conferring rights

joint-stock banks, fewer than now, were agreeable, but the others were up in arms. There still exists at the Bank of England the memorial signed by the eight chief private banks of the City earnestly praying that such a revolution should not be carried out. The Bank withdrew their scheme. When they eventually carried it does not appear. They would scarcely be likely now to inaugurate another revolution in the opposite direction.

The Choice of
Saints.

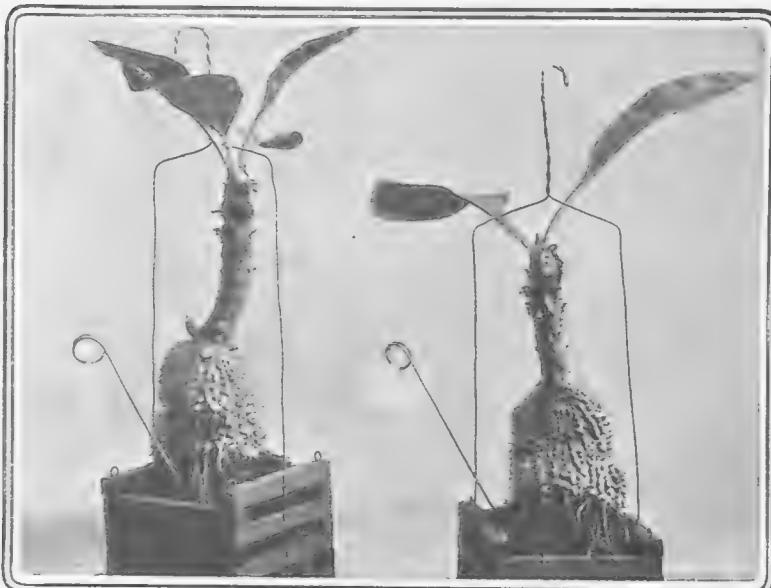
Naples appears to be laughing at the Vesuvian township of Ottajano, which, having been overwhelmed three years ago by the volcano, though under the protection of saints, has got itself rebuilt and has just been electing celestial

A LIVING GASOMETER: THE FRAXINELLA.

In the evening, and especially in stormy weather, the flowers of this plant give off an inflammable gas. This may be collected in some closed receptacle, and exploded.

Photograph by Laurent.

patrons and preservers. The old saint proved ineffective, so the populace will not again have him paramount. They have elected a new saint, and made the old one second, as a sop to the priests. And Naples is enjoying the fun. But in Naples itself, if a saint offend or do not grant the prayers of the suppliant, the latter take down his effigy and soundly spank it. And it was in Naples that the following conversation, cited by M. Camille Flammarion, was heard: "How is your child?" "Not any better." "You must have a taper burned to St. Gertrude." "I have. It was of no use." "To what chapel did you go?" "To the one in the Via di Toledo." "Ah, poor woman, that St. Gertrude is the very worst in all Naples. You can get



AN "ENTENTE CORDIALE" BETWEEN PLANT AND ANT.

Ants live in the growth at the base of the stalks of this plant, and in return for this privilege protect the plant from injury by its insect enemies.

Photograph by Laurent.

and privileges which would have delighted royal autocrats, were found, long after they had been exercised, to be written in Norman-French, and to be monkish forgeries.

Out of Evil,
Good.

The case of unlawful arrest upon which Sir Ralph Littler has been commenting recalls a more famous instance, where failure had a happy issue. At the time that Old Patch was causing all the bankers of London to tremble and fear, the police got on the track of a mysterious person of anxious looks and retiring manners who was hiding in an obscure lodging in Hackney. They knew that he was trying to avoid arrest for something, so they made a shot at it. Here, they thought, was the man who had been forging the notes. The suspicions were communicated to the Bank of England, and a warrant issued for the apprehension of the suspect. He, on his part, had been watching the spies, and, believing that they were bailiffs, he hopped out of his back window at the psychological moment, and fled. They entered, and found that the fugitive was George Morland! So glad were the Bank directors that matters were no worse that they sent him a couple of the newest twenty-pound-notes with which to cheer and appease him.

Nothing
New.

Sir David Gill makes the suggestion that, as a step towards securing the benefits promised by the Daylight Bill, the Bank of England shall give the City a lead by opening at nine o'clock each morning instead of ten. More easily said than done. Banks are as conservative as they know how to be. They have made one change within the memory of the present generation, and are not likely soon to try another. Half a century ago, the Bank threw the City into a panic by proposing to begin business daily at ten instead of nine. The



A REMARKABLE HEARSE: A CHINESE BIER.

nothing out of her. Go to the church in the Piazza dei Capucini. You will see that that St. Gertrude is much kinder." Yet Naples laughs over the folly of Ottajano!

A VERY PROPER FELINE.



THE FIRST CAT: Hullo! What are you in half-mourning for?

THE SECOND CAT (*who has a proper respect for etiquette*): Haven't you heard?
Poor Tom's been in a motor accident, and lost four-and-a-half lives!



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



HOW many people who have applauded Mr. Bernard Shaw, the dramatist, are aware of the fact that they owe the intellectual pleasure to a woman—Miss A. E. F. Horniman—who has recently taken the Gaiety Theatre, Manchester, using as the capital for her enterprise a legacy she received from her father? The secret of her financial association with the original production of "Arms and the Man," at the Avenue, in 1894, was so well kept that Bernard Shaw himself did not know it until 1905. In that year he wrote to Miss Horniman—characteristically—on a postcard, which contained other matter: "By the way, an American professor is writing a book on me. Could you persuade Miss Farr to get me a photograph of the lady who really started the modern movement—founded the Shavian Church, in 1894—and to betray her name to me? Perhaps by this time she may be disposed to let her light so shine before men, etc., etc., etc., etc." Miss Horniman sent him a photograph of a very realistic pastel portrait by a Parisian artist, a picture which Bernard Shaw also characteristically described—on another postcard—as being "as like you as I am like Old Parr." After some years spent in bicycling, the study of astrology, and travelling, Miss Horniman offered to make the dresses for "The King's Threshold," a play by Mr. W. B. Yeats, which was produced in Dublin in 1904. She took them to Ireland and saw the struggling efforts the little company of Irish actors was making in Molesworth Hall, Dublin, and was so impressed that she promised that if ever she had the money she would get them a better hall. The money unexpectedly turned up in the shape of some shares, inherited from her grandfather, which were suddenly discovered to be of value. They paid for the Abbey Theatre, the auditorium of which was made from an old mechanics' institution, and the vestibule and some of the dressing-rooms from a building which was first a savings bank, then a vegetarian restaurant, and finally the Morgue of the City of Dublin. It was

another, of plaster-of-Paris, and a third, a mummy. The police were summoned, and they took the find to the Corporation, who sent for the man who had been the caretaker of the Morgue. "Oh," he said, "some years ago we were going to have an inquest, but we found that the corpse had been mislaid, and I suppose that's it." Miss Horniman had the greatest difficulty in getting Royal Letters Patent, so as to be able to perform stage plays at the Abbey Theatre, but she succeeded after spending some hundreds of pounds. That enterprise is still going on, and she continues to pay the subsidy. She has not, and never had, any influence in the choice of the plays or the actors, or any voice in the staging of the various works. When the Abbey Theatre had attained complete home rule, she resolved to take a theatre in Manchester, for with the means at her disposal a London playhouse, with the enormous rent demanded, was an impossibility.

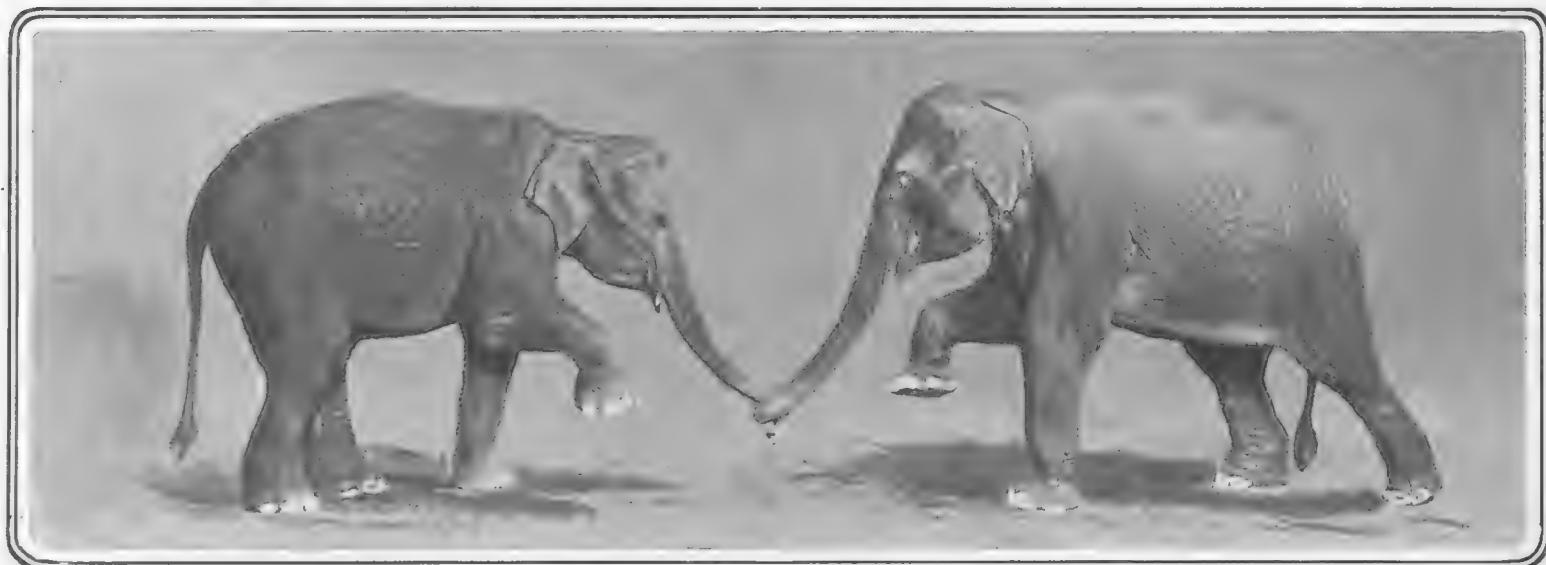
In acting in "The Gay Lord Quex," and with such signal success, Miss Nancy Price renews acquaintance with a play which she met in the early part of her career, though this is the only occasion on which she has played Sophie Fullgarney. After leaving Mr. Benson she was appearing in a then well-known melodrama, "The Trumpet Call," when she was offered, and accepted, the part of the Duchess, originally taken by Miss Fortescue, and in the present revival by Miss Ada Ferrar. While travelling with "Quex," Miss Price had a decidedly humorous experience, which illustrates the puritanical attitude actors occasionally meet, even at the present time. She always shared rooms with another



THE HIPPODROME'S LATEST SENSATION: MISS ETHEL WARWICK, THE LEADING LADY IN "THE VOLCANO."

Photograph by Bassano.

lady of the company, but in going to a certain town they had omitted to secure lodgings in advance. They accordingly went out to search for them in their cab, on the top of which their luggage was piled. They stopped at a house in which was a placard with "Apartments" in the window. They went in, saw these, and came to terms with the landlady. But when the latter saw the theatrical



JUMBO DANILO AND ALICE SONIA IN "THE MERRY WIDOW": ELEPHANTS GIVING A VERSION OF THE FAMOUS WALTZ AT THE NEW YORK HIPPODROME.

It will be noticed that the "neck-hold" gives way to a "trunk-hold."

standing empty when Miss Horniman took it, and she and her friends had to break into it, because the keys lent by the Corporation would not fit the lock!

When the builders were dismantling the Morgue they found a small object which one of them declared was of leather,

hampers, she turned to Miss Price, and, in an almost incredulous tone, asked, "Not an actress, are you, Miss?" "Yes," replied Miss Price simply. "Oh, no, thank you," said the woman, drawing herself up to her full height, and with an undisguised expression of disdain in her face; "we only take in ladies here." The two young girls had to go forth and seek other rooms.

THE CONSULAR SERVICE—A NEW BRANCH.



THE EDITOR: Gracious! Another artist?

THE OFFICE BOY: No, Sir. Special messenger from Earl's Court.

"DEAR SIR,—To save time, I am sending you the drawing for 'The Sketch' per Consul.—Yours faithfully,

"LAWSON WOOD."

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE picture of ideas and anecdotes, like the picture with a sermon—in fact, the “literary” picture—makes but a poor show at a present-day Academy. But still the poets are ransacked by hasty Academical landscape-painters at a loss for a title. There is, indeed, a frantic anxiety in the studios for poetry—books on the eve of Sending-in Day. I can imagine such a note as the following—

DEAR MCWHIRTER,—Can find nothing in the Wordsworth kindly lent me by the President. Yeames tells me you have a copy of Tupper. Will you give it to bearer?—Yours, etc., LEADER—

being rung upon an infinite change of names. And surely there was even more haste than usual this year! One picture bears no title, save the following elegant extract—

The trumpet of a prophecy,
O Wind;
If Winter come, shall not
Spring come also?

Now, it strikes me that the first line is rough-hewn out of a phrase, and makes a figure of fun as it is, especially when it is robbed of its rightful rhyme in the succeeding line, which should, if I remember aright, read—

If Winter comes, can Spring
be far behind?

But, after all, is not the poetry the making of many a canvas? With what rare judgment has Mr. Farquharson, A.R.A., called his picture “Through the calm and frosty air.” But he rather unkindly leaves us to cry, “Author! Author!” More considerate is Miss Lucy Kemp-Welch, who punctiliously tells us that “I must be free or die” is Wordsworth’s.

Worth all the mutilated poetry of this year’s catalogue is the scrap of Malory’s prose that goes along with a picture from “Le Morte d’Arthur,” by Mr. Frank Calderon—

Thus as they rode they heard by them a great horse grimly neigh, and then were they ware of a sleeping knight that lay, all armed, under an apple-tree.

But the worst of such a quotation is that the picture is made for you by the antique pen rather than by the modern brush. I do not want to see the apple-tree in shining new green paint, or the knight in shining new armour; and I doubt me if the great horse will neigh so grimly on canvas as he does on Malory’s page.

The modern Miriam has her address in Vigo Street. There Mr. Elkin Mathews has somehow managed to get her songs into print, and into the hands of readers. The fervid verse of Mr. Kipling’s mother and sister was among such books of poetry as pass rapidly into second editions; and now we see Miss Mary Coleridge’s already in a third edition, and Miss Rosalind Travers repeating in a second volume the success of “The Two Arcadias.” Thus encouraged, Mr. Mathews is about to reprint a little volume of verse, “Whisper,” by the late Frances Wynne, and also to publish for Rosa Mulholland (Lady Gilbert) a little volume bearing the label of “Spirit and Dust.” A book thus entitled the motorist himself—a recreant among readers—might perhaps buy under the impression that it had a special concern for himself.

But Lady Gilbert’s Spirit and Dust are not petrol and a road sent flying, any more than Francis Thompson’s “Hound of Heaven” is a literal dog. A well-known sportsman came the other day into a well-known London bookseller’s under that misapprehension. Great was his disappointment to find the Hound a high mystical symbol. “Has the fellow written anything about dogs?” was his parting appeal to the bookseller. The reply was not favourable to business; but perhaps some anthologist may find a hint and an inspiration in this doggy Yorkshireman’s demand. Delightful poems about dogs have been done, as well, of course, as plenty of doggerel.

A penny paper for the breakfast-table of the Liberal Londoner!

Such an aid to his peace of mind and digestion has been wanting since the *Tribune*, that spender of more than a quarter of a million pounds, went its way. The Spender of a quarter of a million readers is now clamoured for in its place.

Has it not been forgotten how good a Suffragist was Joseph Addison? It is nearly a century since he wrote—

It is with great pleasure that I see a race of Female Patriots springing up in this Island. The fairest among the daughters of Great Britain no longer confine their cares to a domestic Life, but are grown anxious for the welfare of their country, and show themselves good Stateswomen as well as good Housewives.

And Addison would have approved the Suffragette bell that did not toll Mr. Winston Churchill’s doom at Dundee, for he suggested other diabolical devices and instruments of party warfare. Such were the resolutions he pressed upon the Patriotic Ladies of his time—

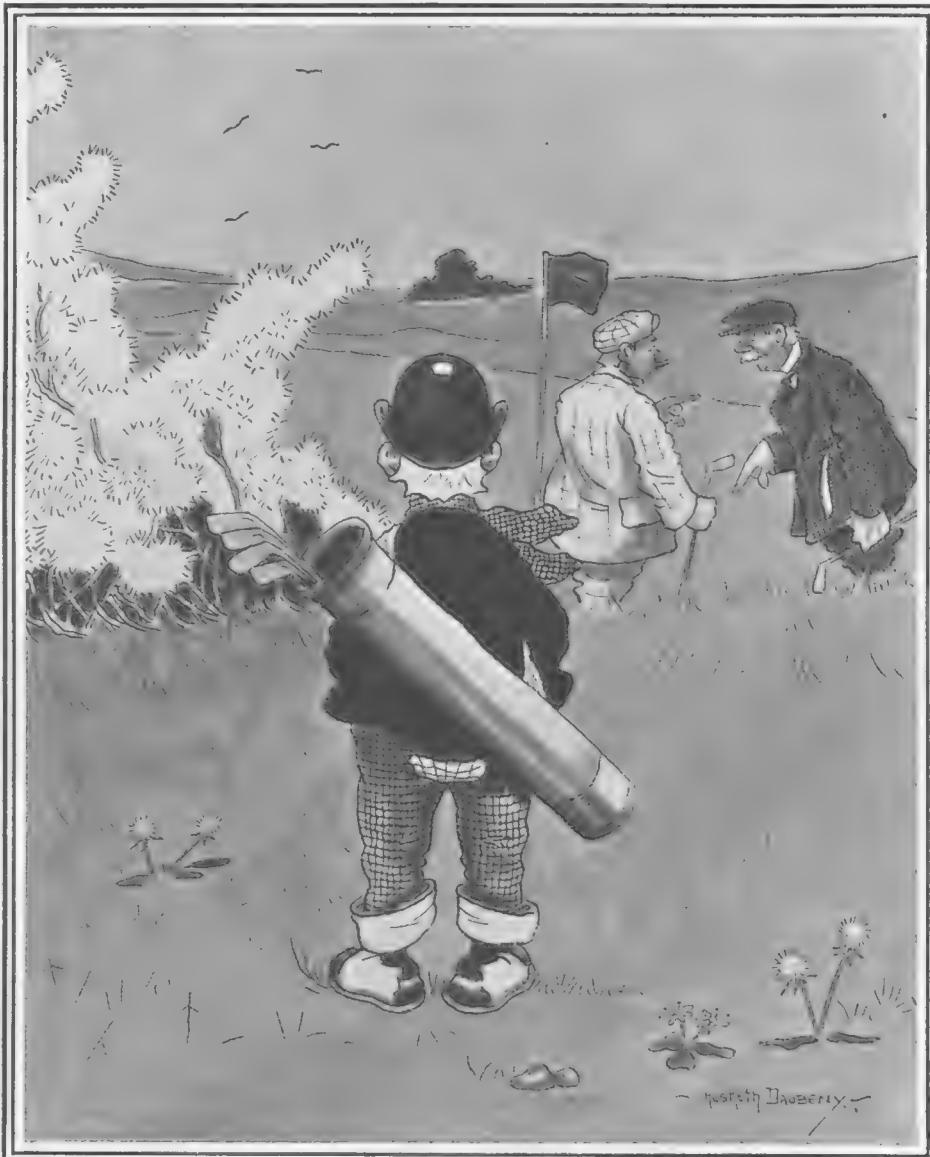
To hide their Faces behind the Fan when they observe a Tory gazing on them. To return no answer to a Tory’s Addresses than by Counting the Sticks of it all the while he is talking to them. To show

their Disbelief of any Jacobite story by a Flirt of it. To fall a Fanning themselves when a Tory comes into one of their assemblies, as being disorder’d at the sight of him.

And yet it seems to me that the bell was the better conceived annoyance of the two.

Welcome is the announcement of a new novel by Lady Ritchie, whom many old friends have not ceased to call Annie Thackeray—“Anny,” her father himself spelt it. Her first appearance in the *Cornhill Magazine* of Thackeray’s own editing took place nearly half a century ago, because she was a very young novelist. Frederick Walker was her exquisite illustrator, both then and later, when her “Village on the Cliff” appeared between the same orange covers. One of the most brilliant and pathetic and humorous of novels was the last-named charming story. Her manner has never changed, and her books may be ranked together for equal comparison; but where all are good, “The Village on the Cliff” is the admirable best.

M. E.



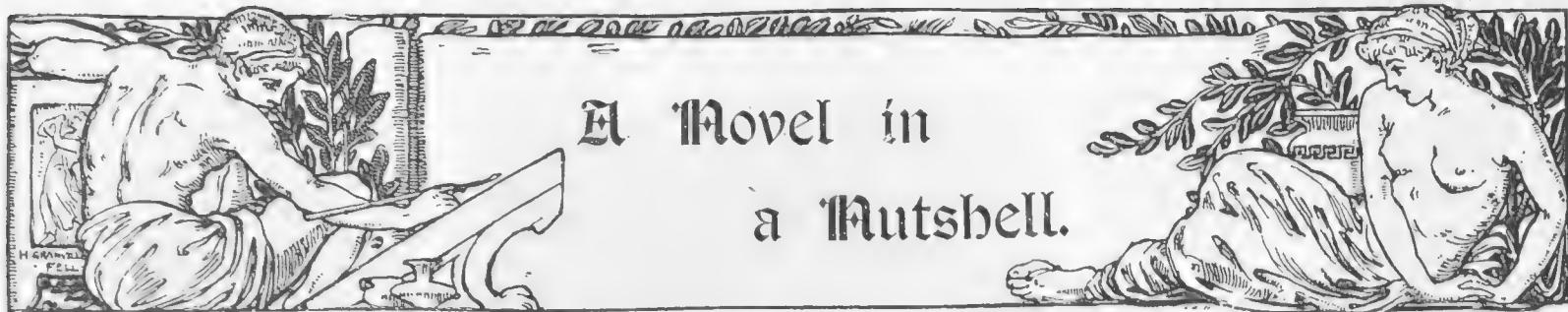
THE CADDIE: Crikey! 'ark at 'im a-quotin' Shakespeare!
DRAWN BY HESKETH DAUBENY.

HALF MEASURES AFTER FULL MEASURES.



THE MAN ON THE PATH: Pardon me, Sir, but why on earth do you walk like that?

THE OTHER: My dear feller, perfectly shimple: if I walk in road I tumble in shtream, an' if I walk in shtream I tumble in road, so I'm goin' halves!



THE SPORT OF NEMESIS.

BY DESMOND COKE,

Author of "The Bending of a Twig," "The Call," "The Comedy of Age," &c.

HERE were lights, people, music—everything was cheerful in the large hall: yet the man shuddered. Close by him a boy, with the superior pity of fourteen, laughed shrilly at his mother, who had vainly sought to press sixpence into the hand of a waxen programme-seller.

But Gideon Tranter shuddered. As sightseers passed endlessly behind the groups of wax figures which formed the centre of the room, these very effigies seemed, to his excited nerves, to shift and turn. With set stare, as of one bent upon some purpose, he hurried, without a further glance on either side, to the far end of the long room.

And then he hesitated. The iron turnstiles that passed one to the "Extra Rooms" suggested prison gates. As two women, with copious giggles, made their way within, the double click of metal seemed to him to be the snap of handcuffs. Mechanically he moved his wrists.

He felt the cold, inquiring eye of the commissionaire upon him. Should he go on—or should he turn back? Some power seemed to draw him on, a power other than that which made him sigh for flight. At least, he was not alone . . . the giggling women would be there. He slapped his sixpence down upon the metal plate, and strode determinedly towards a steep flight of steps flanked by walls of stone, on which notices pointed invitingly to "The Chamber of Horrors." He knew the way well enough: for more than a dozen years he had never missed his visit on the seventh of October. Every year he had been down those steps. But to-day the air seemed to waft up in chill blasts; the stone walls had a damp, hopeless look. He halted nervously, and once again the thought of Prison crossed his mind.

Somebody was coming from behind. He must move; and, in a kind of panic, he stepped downward, testing each slab with his foot, almost as if in fear of treachery. The gay music slipped away—away—until no echo could be caught.

He pushed past the little bunch of gaping provincials, past the guide, luridly retailing the career of a criminal, and laying a hand, as of old friendship, on his shoulder. Gideon had eyes for nothing till he reached the little sitting-room, with its table, broken window, overturned chair, all shut behind glass, which bore the legend: "Actual scene of the Carbury murder."

He knew the way. . . . How could he have come so often? Yet he felt he owed it, somehow, to Mary. For he had loved her . . . yes, loved her still, even though he had robbed her of her life . . . had murdered her, *because* he loved her.

"Mummy, I don't see the 'horror' here," complained a rat-haired girl, staring dully at the homely, if disordered, cottage.

"Ah, but there *is*, lovey. Just you wait," came from a florid elder, as she contentedly turned the pages of her catalogue, in sure hope of something terrible, even in this ordinary room.

Gideon Tranter saw the "horror" in it. The whole scene came before him, as if it were all acted again, on the other side of that thin sheet of glass. He could see Mary sitting by the table—that very table—with the lamp shining on her needlework. He could see her startled look as he came in.

"Gideon! So late . . ."

"Yes; you know why. I have had a letter—a warning . . ." He had glanced searchingly at her, thinking to find guilt upon her features. He certainly thought that he saw fear, and he probed further.

"It told me that Dighton was com—"

"Gideon!—you don't think—"

"I am engaged to you," he cried; "I have a right to *know*."

She sank back into her chair. "You must trust me," she said simply. "Whatever you hear or see, you ought to trust me."

Suddenly his eyes fell upon a stick that lay across the table, a thick stick, quaintly carved—the stick that was there, in the small room behind the sheet of glass. He took it up.

"He *is* here!" he shouted furiously. "Dighton's stick! Liar! You—"

Mary rose again. The chair fell, just as it lay now. "Gideon," she cried, "I swear—"

Innocence beamed from her eyes. But Gideon was blind with fury. Someone stirred behind the window-curtain. He raised the stick and struck the woman two deadening blows upon the head. She fell across the table. The stick fell from his grasp; he realised, in agony, that he had killed his love.

A figure dashed from behind the curtains, and, as if with no other thought, bent over Mary.

Gideon escaped.

The whole scene lived again as he stood, like one dead, staring through the glass. So still did he stand that a suspicious sightseer—one of the giggling women—made sure that he was waxen, and, resolved not to be deceived again, prodded him, with a contemptuous jest to her companion. Gideon awoke with a shock. He felt that he had been detected. Clammy panic loosened his limbs; he started, and turned upon the woman, who with unfeigned shrieks forged hurriedly towards the exit.

Another scene came back to him.

He saw Edward Dighton, pale, and confident at first, standing in court, a guard on either side. He saw the village constable, swollen with pride, stating how, drawn to the spot by one loud shriek, he found Mary Gardner limp upon the bloodstained carpet, and Edward Dighton, pale, distraught, leaning over her with great red spots upon his ragged shirt, and how (this with still more pride) he took him in charge. Yes, the prisoner had protested. He had accused Gideon Tranter of murdering the woman.

And at that a stir, a wordless hum, had gone round the crowd, since it was known that the two were rivals for the hand of Mary. Witness after witness proved that her heart lay with Gideon: he could have no motive. But the prisoner, his love rejected by the murdered girl. . . . Friends gazed with pity on his fine, honest features: they could scarcely credit it, in spite of all.

But when the constable, now perilously roseate with the flush of duty done, produced a thick, shapeless blackthorn, to which clotted hair still clung, there was no room for doubt. It was Dighton's stick, marked with the monogram "E.D."

Gideon could hear the foreman's whisper, "Guilty," could see the prisoner hurried down steep steps—oaths, protestations, truth, rolling from distorted features.

Suddenly he gave a start. A strange sound had struck upon his ears—a wail, piteous, thin, as of one in pain. He stood, limp and unnerved by an unreasoning terror.

Again! The cry swelled plaintively through the cold stone chamber. And then he realised—it was the band! Gideon tried to force a smile—his features would betray him. He looked nervously around to see if anyone were staring at him. He could feel millions of inquiring, mocking eyes.

It was a relief, at first, to find that there had been no witness of his self-accusing terror. But slowly the truth came in on him—he was alone. That was why the dim wail of the band was borne to him.

He knew the tune. Who did not? It was tea-time, and the band was playing the sad, voluptuous walse that, after maddening the Continent, had come to madden London. To the sightseers it was probably a great attraction. Curse them! He cursed them for being provincial; he cursed them for liking that tune; he cursed them for leaving him alone.

Alone! That was what he hated. From his earliest days he had loathed solitude, but now he loathed it more than ever. He could not understand hermits and anchorites. Such awful thoughts came to him when alone! And now there was the added terror of those leering, waxen figures. What awful faces! The artist had exaggerated: there was no need for a murderer to look a brute. . . .

Surely one of them had moved? Again a sudden heat surged over him. His limbs felt loosely knit together; his toes seemed

[Continued overleaf.]

THE MIDDLE SEX AGAIN.

THE BARBER'S ASSISTANT (*doubtfully*): Hair-cut, or shave, Madam?

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDY.

to press against his boots; an anguish, almost pleasant, held him for a moment: he was left trembling, miserable.

Nerves! He tried to smile, but he could not. What need, when there was nobody to see him? His nerves were all on edge. He had started, paled and flushed, in the roadway outside. The man with sunken eyes, in the long black macintosh, had been so terribly like Dighton . . . Nerves!

All the week he had started at a sound—ever since he had read that sordid paragraph—

Edward Dighton, the Carbury murderer, having obtained the maximum number of good marks, was released from —— Gaol this morning.

Pah! Nerves! Dighton would never find him now; he had covered his tracks up too well. He was known to nobody as Gideon Tranter, and his very face was different. With a mad, sudden laugh he fingered his long beard.

And yet—that figure in the macintosh. . . .

This nervousness was fatal; anyone seeing him would be suspicious. He must get away, and never come again. He had been a fool to come at all this year: it was so different with Dighton free. He must get right away into the country. . . . At all costs, he must escape from this place of terrors.

He moved a step or two; then hesitated. That way led him past the ghastly row of murderers, raised on a dais, at the end of which stood—Dighton!

Dare he pass that model? Why not? He had seen it so many times. His eyes were used to it, but did his conscience grow more easy?

That was the nuisance of it all—his conscience! He cursed his parents, cursed his early training. Why a conscience? Dighton had not been hanged. He would not have allowed an innocent man to die for the sin that he had committed; he would have confessed. But the evidence had been merely circumstantial: Dighton had been reprieved. The sentence was only penal servitude for life.

Certainly he would pass the figure of "the Carbury murderer," would rather pass it than see again the little room, behind its sheet of glass, so full of hideous memories, and the slimy stones that lined those cheerless stairs. This way led straight to the bright-lit tea-rooms. He would soon be free of his depression.

He moved forward, startled by the echo of his steps in the empty recesses of the pillared room. The moaning music faded out again. He scarcely glanced at the hard faces that flanked his way—they seemed to mock at him.

But of a sudden his eyes were drawn to one of them—drawn as if by power of will. He turned to look, then started nervously. The figure had been moved—it was Edward Dighton's face that already stared on his!

The shock to Gideon was terrible; he could have borne the figure in its expected place at the far end—but here! He reeled limply against the wooden dock behind, and stared in fascinated terror at the model. It was like—too like! But how lined, how broken. . . .

The likeness was so wonderful that for a moment he had forgotten: the figure should not age. And yet, in the old days, Dighton was not—it must be a new figure, unless—

Panic seized him. He could have sworn that the cold eye had blinked. One minute more of the accursed place, he would be mad. It was Dighton—Dighton himself, and no wax figure. He felt sure of it.

Then his eye fell on something sprawled across the dais, black and vaguely horrible. It suggested—what? He could not tear his gaze from it. Yes; a macintosh. . . . He had seen it. Where? Was it this afternoon—or years ago? His thought conjured slowly a grim figure in the street outside, with

piercing eyes that burned, eyes like Dighton's—eyes like those that glared upon him. . . .

The truth flashed over him; his limbs seemed to waken from the nightmare of inaction. He stumbled a step towards the door. But in that moment Edward Dighton flung himself upon him, the cold composure of his features gone, words rushing, incoherent, from dry lips.

Gideon knew little of it—his reason, already tottering, had given way; this figure with the wolf-like teeth between the drawn-back lips seemed to him less real than what had gone before. He felt that he would wake soon and laugh at it. He tried to wake. . . .

At first the feel of the fingers that pressed upon his throat was not unpleasing—but he did not like the distorted face that seemed to breathe hot threats on his. Further off other cruel white faces leered upon him. He tried to move. Perhaps he was lying on his back—that always brought such hideous dreams as this.

Suddenly the hot breath bore a sound of "Mary."

Sense came back to him. He realised his agony; he was being throttled! He was not asleep!

"I—loved—her," he gasped out. Probably the other could not hear? "Dighton—I'm sorry." If only those fingers would relax, he could speak loudly. Dighton would not kill him!

He heard naught but words that poured forth without any order—taunts, oaths, and threats.

The awful face began to fade, as if receding. . . . He could hear the muttering no longer . . . only a swell of the distant music, plaintive, soothing. His breath came more freely.

He felt that he could shriek. Yes, he could hear it.

Then a hurried stir, an oath, the scorching breath, the torturing fingers again! He thought he could hear steps, far off above, on the stone stairs. Something seemed to snap somewhere.

He surely must be waking.

Edward Dighton started back. Now that the man was dead his vengeance seemed rather contemptible—at any rate, less noble. The face upon the stone floor looked so calm: and he—Had he gained anything?

Whispers and nervous shuffling made him realise his danger. Vaguely he could see startled faces peering from the steps, half-sickened by the horror which, human-like, all had flock to witness. In the front a commissioner and a policeman stood, hesitating, hiding their fear by the pretence of consultation. They looked nervously at him.

He suddenly discovered that he held in his hands a huge bar of wood. He must have seized it in the instinct of self-defence. As he raised it automatically the two men in uniform stepped back. He laughed raggedly and dropped the weapon.

The constable grew cheerful, seeing his promotion near. "Why, that's the cove what was only let out last week," he said suddenly.

"Who's that?" inquired the commissioner, who welcomed any dialogue that might delay events. The murderer was still perilously near that heavy bar.

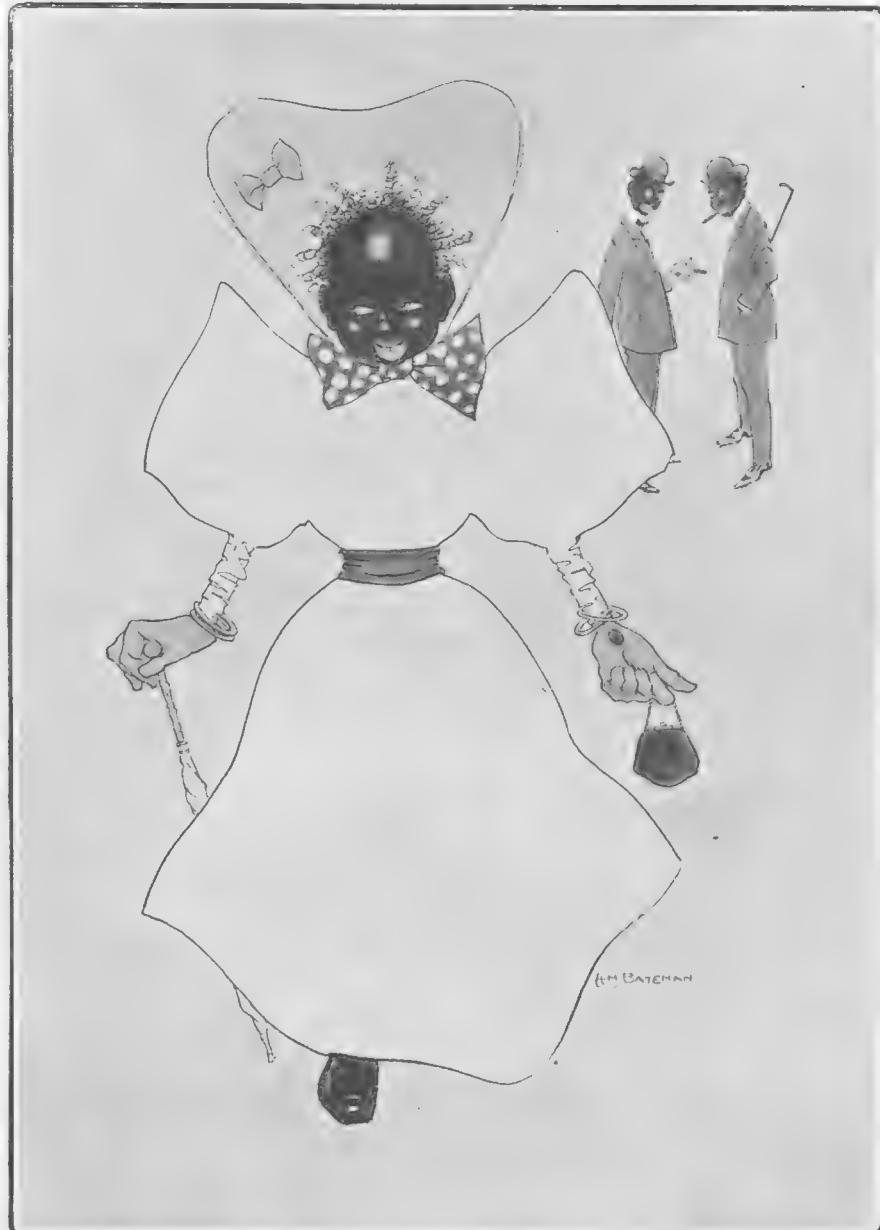
"Why, *you* ought to know!" The policeman moved forward, with some pretence of courage—"The Carbury murderer."

Dighton heard and saw it all, as in another world. He felt as though he had no part in it.

"Not the Carbury murderer," he seemed to hear said, rather than to say, "but the man who murdered him."

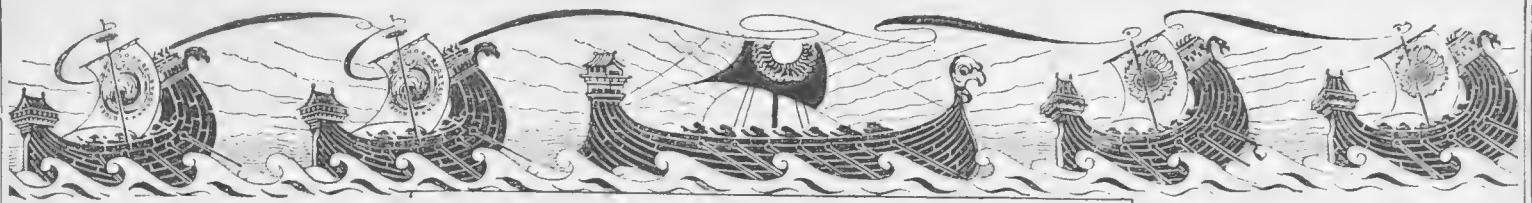
To the vast relief of the policeman, he held out his wrists dully for the manacles.

THE END.



SWEET SEVENTEEN!

[DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.]



WORLD'S WHISPERS.

MR. WYNFORD PHILIPPS, who wanted to give up his safe seat for Pembrokeshire to Mr. Winston Churchill, and is, anyhow, retiring at the next General Election, is the eldest of three immensely tall brothers, all members of the present House of Commons, and all much over six feet in height. He is the son and grandson of clerical Baronets, but himself elected the law. Twenty years ago he married the brilliant daughter of Mr. Isidor Gerstenberg, and was actually on his honeymoon at Tangier when he was chosen as Liberal candidate for a bye-election in Mid-Lanark. He and his eloquent wife travelled back post-haste, and Mr. Philipps was triumphantly elected. The last Lord Milford was a forebear of Mr. Philipps's, and everyone would be glad to see this title revived in his favour.

"The Queen, Duke of Lancaster."

You may take as seriously as you like Professor Osler's joke that a man should be poisoned at forty, but, fit and hearty, Lord Cross presides over the Inns of Court Mission this afternoon, within a week of his eighty-fifth birthday. A vast amount of Parliamentary history has been made since he first entered the House of Commons. He was a leading light in Dizzy's day. It was his assiduity which made Disraeli complain of Lord Cross, not then a peer, as one of the men who worried him with official work in his declining days—"Mr. Secretary Cross, whom I always forgot to describe as Sir Richard," as the whimsical veteran put it. It was Lord Cross who added to the stud of Parliamentary "bulls" with his—"I hear a smile in the

House," and, perhaps remembering this, certain guests gasped when they heard him propose "The Queen—Duke of Lancaster." Judges and legists galore were present, and to a man they thought he was wrong, that the title was merged in the Crown. But he was right. The Queen was Duke of Lancaster, and would so have remained, even had she ceased to be Queen.

London's New French Actress. Mme. Bartet is not only rebellious to the interview, but rebellious also to the camera. There are few of her photographs to be seen in Paris, for the reason that she forbids their sale by the postcard and other dealers who stock themselves largely with the portraits of well-known and pretty actresses. Mme. Bartet resembles her

friend Mme. Suzanne Després, whom she succeeds at the Shaftesbury Theatre, in her dislike of self-advertisement and publicity. She is one of the few public entertainers in the French capital about whom there are no stories, savoury or otherwise. She is content to be an actress in the evening and an ordinary woman in the daytime, without perpetually appearing in public in uniform. You could not compare Mme. Bartet, of the Comédie Française, with Rachel, with Sarah Bernhardt, with La Duse, or with any of the great names in past and contemporary drama, but you could say that she is an excellent artist—an artist having a very sure conception of what she wants to do, and a very sure way of doing it. She is always elegant, refined, and interesting, never overdoing the part even in tragedy, always under-playing rather than over-playing. She is best seen in *femme du monde* rôles, playing the part of the heroine who has loved and suffered, who has been wounded in her tenderest feelings; then she manages to strike a note of pathos which is particularly appealing to *les civilisés*, as they are called by Pierre Loti, of the rapid and slightly decadent French capital.

The Modesty of Kipling.

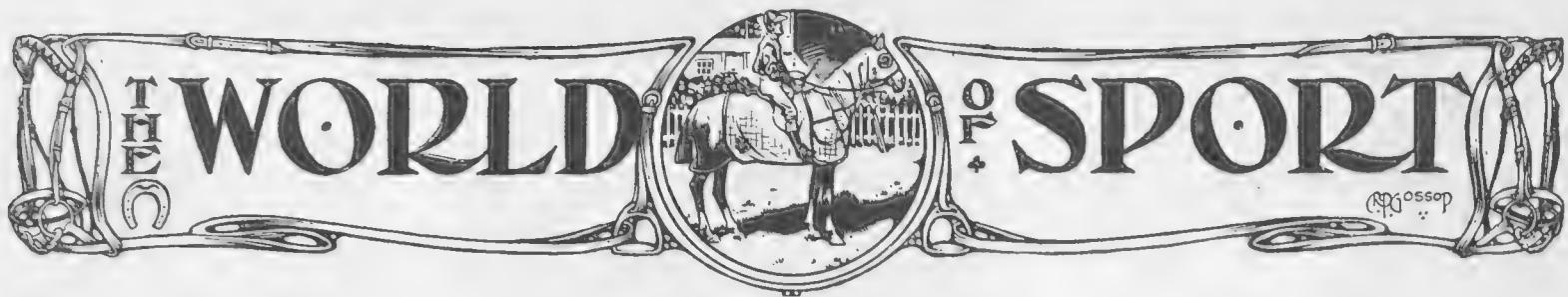
Mr. Barrie and Mr. Kipling are losing their nervousness. Mr. Barrie, who once was so shy that he dared hardly open his lips in a country-house, now speaks up on a deputation demanding the head of the Stage Censor; and here is the Bard of Empire presiding to-morrow night over the Royal Literary Fund Dinner. A shy man is not necessarily



RESTORED BY THE KAISER: LOOKING DOWN UPON THE HOHKÖNIGSBURG, THE 12TH-CENTURY CASTLE THAT WAS THE CENTRE OF LAST WEEK'S IMPERIAL PAGEANT.

The 12th-century stronghold the Hohkönigsburg, the largest and finest castle in Alsace, was presented to the German Emperor in 1899, and his Majesty immediately set to work to have it restored to its original condition. The business was completed recently, and last week the castle was reopened by the German Emperor, who, on the day of the ceremony, was the central figure in a great historical pageant, the details of which he himself arranged. In 1147 the Hohkönigsburg belonged to the Hohenstaufens, and from them it passed to the Dukes of Lorraine.—[Photograph by Bolak.]

modest; a clown may be an egotist; and a modest man is not necessarily shy. Mr. Kipling is both shy and modest. It is a fact that he doubted, perhaps still doubts, the durability of his reputation, as Thackeray and Dickens, and Scott and G. F. Watts doubted as to theirs. After the whole English-speaking world had set him with princes of the pen, Mr. Kipling still doubted. "There are so many ways in which a living man can fall from grace that, were I you," he wrote to his biographer, "I should be afraid to put so much enthusiasm into the abidingness of print until I was very sure of my man. . . . Considering things from the point of view of the public, is there enough in anything that Mr. Kipling has written to justify one whole book about him?" The biographer chanced it, and the world approved.



THE DERBY—SOMETHING ABOUT TRAINING—“SWEEPS.”

ACCORDING to the big bookmakers, this year's Derby is likely to be the most open race we have experienced for a very long time, and, in the words of a professional backer, “anything may win it.” I am still of the opinion that Perrier did not give of his best in the Two Thousand Guineas, and I, for one, should not be the least surprised were he to score at Epsom, where the going is almost certain to be sound. Mountain Apple, another son of Persimmon, is very much liked. I had a good look at the colt after he had won at Goodwood, and he then gave me the impression of being a typical Derby colt. He has been doing his work on sound going, and is very likely to be as fit as anything on the day. Bachelor's Lodge will be the hope of Ireland, but on the book he has not a great chance. On the other hand, the Frenchmen might easily score with Sea Sick II., trained by Duke, who knows what is wanted to win races in England. Norman III. has to be reckoned with, and the book gives him the chance, but I do not think that he will again beat some of the colts that he vanquished in the Guineas. Mr. Persse holds a strong hand with Sir Archibald, White Eagle, and Royal

Realm, and if the latter is really Colonel Hall Walker's best, he should go close. It will be remembered that the Colonel thought him far and away his best two-year-old in the spring of 1907; but, for my part, I would rather trust to White Eagle. Many good sportsmen would welcome the victory of Sir Archibald, as it would give Mr. George Thursby a winning mount in a classic race. The colt we know to be very fast, but there is just a doubt about his staying the mile and a half, even on the easy Epsom course.

A few weeks ago I referred to training methods, and I return to the subject on account of the victory of Rhodora in the One Thousand Guineas. Many of the Newmarket touts would not stand the filly at any price, because she looked rough in the coat and big. These gentlemen evidently mistook muscle for fat, while they are not probably aware that the coat need not be of the silken hue to ensure success in races. As a matter of fact, the majority of the animals turned out by Mr. Wootton look neglected in their coats—a

sign of hardness, by-the-bye—and these win races in their turn. It is not, I contend, possible to train horses on electric light, hot air, and tessellated tiles alone. They must be dealt with in a natural fashion, and anything that tends to soften their constitutions should be at all times rigorously avoided. The secret of the many successes of the Irish-bred horses lies in the fact of their being brought up hard—that is to say, they are allowed to run about in the open as youngsters, and are not fed with heating foods. They make the sort of bone that is required to withstand a big

exertion, and do not collapse at the crucial moment when running their races.

I have noticed, more especially at little hunt meetings, that punters in the members' enclosure and rings run sweepstakes on all the races, and recently I inquired the *modus operandi* of these little specs. My informant told me that by means of the sweep the bookmakers were kept out of the money, which never went out of the family. It was, after all, only a copy of the totalisator, with no charge for expenses. I ventured the opinion that it was not like backing one's fancy, but was met with the rejoinder that a double form

of excitement was to be obtained from the draw—equal, in fact, to a couple of races. You first wondered what you would draw; after that you wondered what would win. The sweep insures a long price against all horses, good, bad, or indifferent, while those lucky enough to draw the favourites are still able to buy chances from others, or to put a bit on one or two of the outsiders. Some venturesome speculators always make a point of backing the horse they have drawn in a sweep, but this is not cricket. In running sweeps it is absolutely necessary to collect the price of tickets before the race is run, as some men and many women object to paying up when their money is, on paper, irretrievably lost. For races like the Derby big sweeps are run at the majority of the West-End clubs, and the City men, who are always fond of a gamble, run a great sweep on the Stock Exchange, when as much as £200 has before now been offered for the ticket containing the number of the favourite.

CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.



CHEAP, BUT GOOD; AND TO ACCOMMODATE TWENTY THOUSAND! THE NEW FIVE-SHILLING STAND AND ENCLOSURE AT ROYAL ASCOT.

On some acres of ground immediately below the Grand Stand at Ascot has been erected a new Public Stand and Enclosure, which will be ready for use in time for the meeting in June. The admission to the Enclosure will be 5s. per day; 20,000 people can be accommodated; and there is every necessary provision in the way of luncheon and tea rooms, cloak-rooms, telegraph-office, and band-stand. The building itself will shelter some 10,000 people. The length of the stand is 300 feet. To the King himself and to Lord Churchill Ascot owes the innovation. The planning and building have been carried out by Messrs. Howard and Co., of Covent Garden. [Photographs by Bedford Lemere.]

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WOMAN'S WAYS.

BY ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Idiosyncrasies of the Family.

Mr. Pinero's powerful play, "The Thunderbolt," is not so much a satire on the English middle classes as an indictment of the Family and its egregious selfishness. If the smart occupants of the stalls of the St. James's Theatre plume themselves that such proceedings are only possible in Linchpool and Singlehampton, they must forget what takes place when any of them pays probate and puts on a deep hat-band. For, however charming individual members of a domestic circle may be, the Family—as a family—is usually odious when it comes to legacies and disputes about money. In this respect a peer of the realm may be every whit as objectionable as a provincial attorney, and persons of the highest culture may cut as unamiable a figure as the inhabitant of the meanest villa. In all countries the Family is held to be the very foundation of civilised society; but there are advanced philosophers nowadays who consider that it is responsible for more tyranny, selfishness, and unhappiness than it makes for good. At any rate, Mr. Pinero's personages are by no means peculiar to England, the provinces, or the middle class. Their idiosyncrasies belong to the Family in all so-called civilised nations.

The Fairy City of Palaces. London's brand-new toy, the Franco-British Exhibition, is a city of white palaces. It makes us blush to compare it with the grimy Babylon in which we have to live. In one of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's earlier plays there was an enthusiast who dreamed of "a London clean,



[Copyright.]

A WHITE CHARMEUSE SATIN EVENING DRESS.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

one would be willing to inhabit a dubious-looking sepulchre, and a dazzling white London would not only add to the gaiety of nations, but have an appreciable effect on the somewhat morose Briton.

Exhibition Maniacs.

Happily for the world's industry, there are a certain number of people who are passionately fond of exhibitions. They "do" such things with zeal, holding note-books and marked catalogues in their hands, tramping miles of planks, leaving no tinned apricot, no piece of machinery unnoted and unadmired. They like to gaze indiscriminately, on German cigars, Australian oil-paintings, and Austrian chairs. Human industry holds them fascinated; not for worlds would they miss a single showcase. I know a worthy Briton who told me that he had "seen everything" at the Paris Exhibition of 1900: a gigantic feat which ought to be duly inscribed upon his tombstone. But in Paris there were "moving platforms," staircases which wafted you upwards without effort on your part, and obliging gentlemen with bath-chairs who propelled you to distant parts of the Exposition for a modest guerdon. At Shepherd's Bush there are no less than three miles of main roads, and thirty miles of gravel paths. Thus the new Exhibition will afford plenty of exercise for the athletic, who will be able to give up their golf this summer and "take it out" in the Wild West of London instead. Happily, the lazy are able to visit the new Exhibition by water.

[Copyright.]
AN EMPIRE GOWN WORN OVER A LACE BLOUSE.
(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

Paeans of Praise in the Parks.

(or at least the most flesh-forming) of all the professions. German physicians (oh, those efficient Teutons!) recommend delicate folk to walk up mountains, carolling blithely the while, as a safe cure for consumption, debility, and the like. But now comes the fearsome suggestion that the British public should be encouraged to sing in the open air, and that the bands in the parks should provide the accompaniment to this feast of song. Unfortunately, the Briton of the lower classes seldom lifts up his voice in melody unless he is slightly intoxicated, with the results which we know; while it is difficult to imagine the working English girl carolling, for pure joy, in public. Small Board School children sometimes sing delightfully, but they appear to lose their taste and aptitude for song as they advance in the cares of life. I fear the experiment would not be altogether pleasing for the other people in the Park.

The Case of the Husband.

It is unreasonable to demand that husbands should never find fault, for, in giving up the time-honoured habit of grumbling, they would be foregoing one of the most cherished privileges of the Briton. The husband who was not allowed to be grumpy on the domestic hearth would feel as if Magna Charta had been abolished, and the north end of Hyde Park forbidden to him. Besides, in nine cases out of ten, the husband, in English households, merely occupies the Opposition bench, while the wife has the Government and all that it implies in her hands. It is notorious that a strong Government likes a strong Opposition, and wives would never feel the full majesty of power if a protest or a criticism were never raised from the other side of the House. In the interests of a healthy domestic atmosphere the husband should by all means be encouraged to find fault.

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN.

THE Court on Friday night was one for débutantes principally. Quite a number were presented, and have a season before them which promises to be remarkable for young folks' dances. Lady Helen Ogilvy was presented by her mother, the Countess of Airlie. They have not long returned from India, this mother and daughter. The girl is very pretty and very charming. Her elder sister, Lady Kitty Vincent, married after her first season. Lord Airlie is not yet fifteen, and is at Eton. Lady Helen's dress was a delightfully soft and girlish one of white chiffon, with a light design of Alençon lace appliquéd on to it, and the scarves of chiffon draped over the shoulders caught with bars of pearls and diamonds. The train was of white satin, lined with chiffon. Miss Myrtle Abercromby, the Countess of Northbrook's second daughter, also made her curtseys to their Majesties, wearing a soft white satin dress with a wired-out collar of silver lace embroidered with silver. The train, of point-d'ésprit over satin, fell from a bow and tasseled ends of silver cord.

The newly decorated ball-room was used for the Court, which was a much better arrangement than the Throne Room, used on Friday as one of the fine suite available for waiting in. The Duchess of Buccleuch was in attendance on the Queen for the first time this season. The Mistress of the Robes was not well enough, after influenza, to be at either of the pre-Easter Courts. She presented her daughter, Lady Constance Cairns, on her marriage. Not often has a golden wedding bride attended at Court. Lady North did so on Friday night, when her grand-niece, Lady Viola Gore, Lord Shrewsbury's only daughter, was presented on her marriage. Lady North herself presented her, also her grand daughter, Miss Winifred Fitzgerald, whose mother was not well enough to take her. The ball-room will be the scene of the first State Ball during the visit of President Fallières.

The Queen heard the Danish tenor, M. Cornelius, sing in the "Götterdämmerung" at its second performance. Her Majesty is greatly interested in him, and commanded him to Buckingham Palace earlier, but was obliged to postpone the appointment because she had a cold. Already she had heard him sing the "Siegfried" music in English, but her attendances at that cycle of the "Ring" were tragically cut short by the murders of the King and Crown Prince of Portugal. On the latest occasion the Queen was in the house for part of the prologue and the whole of the opera, dining in the room behind the royal box. Dinner was sent from Buckingham Palace. The Queen was looking very handsome, and wore a large, glittering, white-lace wired and silver-spangled hair-ornament, the largest one save a crown or tiara that I have seen her Majesty wear. The Countess of Antrim and the Hon. Violet Vivian were two of the suite in attendance.

I hear that the statement that the engagement between Don Alfonso de Bourbon, Infante of Spain, and Princess Beatrice of Coburg is broken off is without foundation. There are religious difficulties, but they will be overcome, and the wedding will take place in about a year's time. Princess Beatrice refuses to change her religion, and the Prince says that if on this account she is not allowed to marry him, he will change his and forego any chance he may have of succession to the Spanish Throne. The young couple being so determined, it is fairly certain that they will get their own way. Prince Alfonso stayed with the Duchess Marie of Coburg and her daughter for a long time at Easter at the Château de Faubron, near Cannes. The Duchess is now in Paris, and will most likely not visit England this season. The Queen of Spain would greatly welcome the presence of her cousin at the Spanish Court.

The Earl and Countess of Dudley are giving some fine entertainments at their mansion in Carlton House Terrace as farewells to their friends for a time, previous to their departure for Australia. Last week the Prince and Princess of Wales honoured them by being present at a dinner, followed by a dance, which was a very brilliant affair, and at which Mr. John Ward and Miss Jean Whitelaw Reid received cordial royal congratulations on their engagement. On Thursday night of this week the King will be the guest of his newly appointed Governor-General of the Commonwealth of Australia, when there will be a still more brilliant party. The house is a fine one: I know of no more charming apartment than the long double drawing-room, which is used as a ball-room when there is dancing.

Extremes of the fashion in slenderness, of which I have written in these columns from time to time, have led to sensational results in Paris. Such things are unlikely to happen on this side of the

Channel; nor should Parisian ladies, who are quite as remarkable for good taste as for a craving to be conspicuously smart and up-to-date, be included in any category where such a result would be possible. The people in question belong to a body who have been the beheld of all beholders at the Parisian race-meetings of late. Here, at the first-rate modistes', the divided skirt, which can be worn only without petticoats, is shown, but is never ordered, nor do modistes desire that it should be. Such Englishwomen as follow the fashion do it with grace and most effectively. Like all fashions, it is charming when it suits the wearer. This the extreme of it could never do!

On "Woman's Ways" page will be found a drawing of a white charmeuse satin evening dress, almost classical in its simplicity. Another illustration on the same page is of an Empire gown worn over a lace blouse.

One of the most graceful and distinguished hair-ornaments I have seen for a long time was worn by a bride at the Opera one night recently. An illustration of it appears on this page. It is entirely of diamonds—two large, lovely stones raised on slender gold wires, like the tops of antennæ. It is by the Parisian Diamond Company, about whose ornaments there is always the desirable air of distinction.

There is always a certain slackness of system experienced when the spring comes in. A friend told me she used Scrubb's Cloudy Ammonia in her bath, and felt braced and invigorated for the day. I have done likewise, and am thankful for so valuable a tip. I always knew the invaluable Scrubb, and used it for all manner of cleansing, including that of clothes. In my bath I find it delicious, and I use with it a soap made by the firm which is in every way satisfactory and good to use.

Most people like "nices," men as well as women. I know of a delightful place to get them from. Bonnet and Son, The Triangle, Bristol, is the address. In these days of cheap and convenient parcel-post, it is quite worth while sending for their delicious chocolates and fondants at only half-a-crown a pound. They are quite the best I have come across for a long time, and the flavours of the cream in them are varied. Nougat and marrons-glacés deserve high praise, too, and so do the cakes and biscuits, of which there is a splendid variety. An excellent trial can be made with the Bonnet box of assorted chocolates—a 1-lb. box post free for 2s. 1d.

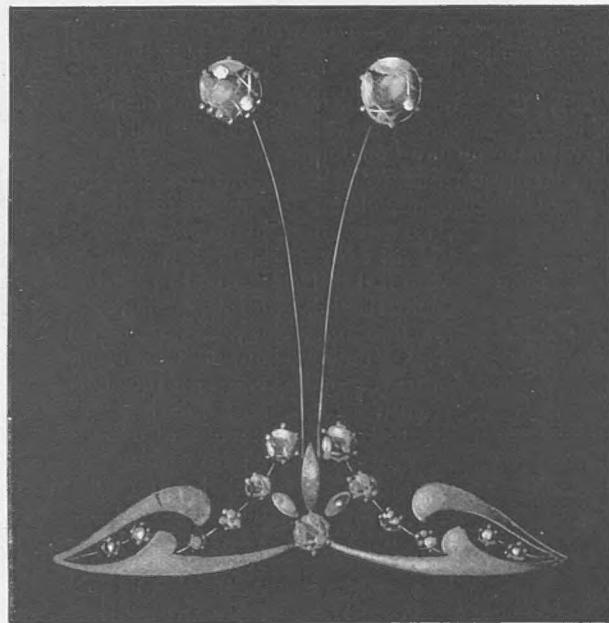
Such a lot of adults as well as children are suffering from whooping-cough. There has been quite an epidemic of it. Roche's Herbal Embrocation is a capital thing, because it cures by outward application, and the interior arrangements are not upset by

all sorts of drugs. It can be obtained from W. Edwards and Son, 157, Queen Victoria Street. It really is a fine thing to know about.

THE GRAMOPHONE'S NEW RECORDS.

ALTHOUGH Caruso in the flesh has gone from us, and is held to the New World by a chain of dollars, from which no man need try to break away, Caruso's voice is with us still, and thanks to the Gramophone Company, it may be heard in London in many songs that have made it famous. The new records include such operatic masterpieces as "La donna è mobile," and the "Questa o quella," from Verdi's "Rigoletto," and the "Ah si ben mio," from the same composer's "Trovatore," while the tenor takes part in the quartet from "La Bohème," and the sextet from "Lucia." In these works, as in others of the new series, the exquisitely pure quality of his voice is preserved in marvellous fashion; it is the real Caruso, the master-tenor of our time, whom the gramophone presents to us. The same thrill that came to us in London or New York comes to us now as the singer reaches the most exacting phrase in an aria, and handles it with complete mastery and without perceptible effort. It is possible, when one has enjoyed the melody, to enjoy the method, and the new records are bound to appeal as much to the musician as to the general public that is concerned with nothing more than the accurate singing of a melodious song.

The Gramophone Company is not being spoilt by success; it is not standing still. Every year shows some improvement in the presentation of the treasure it has stolen from time and change, to preserve in a state of purity and perfection that will defy the passage of the years. And when we hear Caruso singing in his best form, although the Atlantic rolls between him and his audience, we cannot help feeling regret that the gramophone was not already flourishing in the days when our great-grandfathers went to the opera, and Gluck, Rameau, Mozart, and Beethoven were writing for the operatic celebrities of the time.



A GRACEFUL HAIR-ORNAMENT BY THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on May 27.

THE OUTLOOK.

A DAY of some activity, followed by two or three of depression, is about the most that the stock markets can do at present; but even this is an improvement on depression without any variety, to which we have been quite accustomed. That the Bank Rate was not reduced produced a certain amount of disappointment, but the authorities were probably wise in their decision, for it is worse than useless to make a reduction unless there is a reasonable certainty of its continuing at least for some weeks. The evils of rapid fluctuations are far worse than enduring a 3 per cent. rate when, perhaps, 2½ per cent. might enable us to carry on.

The public is in a querulous mood as to new issues. They rush for Gamage shares and scorn gilt-edged 3½ per cents. If the rise of the Labour Party, the spread of Socialistic ideas, and the general tendency to disregard the rights of property, which is very apparent to the least observant person, result in an appreciation of the value of capital, there will be some compensation for the unpleasant years we have gone through.

The figures of the Fine Cotton Spinners' report for the year ending March 31 last make a remarkable showing, and confirm the general idea of the prosperity of the textile industry during 1907. To raise net profits from £241,000 in 1905 to £945,000 in 1908 is no mean achievement; but the outlook at the moment does not encourage the hope that this rate of progress is likely to be maintained. What wonder, however, that with such figures to go upon Lancashire is not over-anxious to try experiments in tariff reform!

THE UNDERGROUND RAILWAYS.

Despite the unfortunate opening of the Franco-British Exhibition before there was anything to open, if we get anything like a decent summer there can be no doubt that the Central London Railway will show a considerable improvement on the miserable returns of last year, from Exhibition traffic alone. One does not like to recommend any stock which has had as big a rise as Central London Deferred; but, none the less, we believe that those who can buy, and pay for what they buy, will see still further capital increase on their investment if we have normal summer weather. As to the other Tubes, it is announced that 90 per cent. of the profit-sharing notes have adopted the reconstruction scheme, and we are inclined to think that the time has come when the stock of these deep-level electric concerns may be bought and laid aside by the prudent man who looks to the future for his profit.

CONVALESCENT CANADIANS.

Suddenly up-springing as it did, the rise in Canadian Railway and Land issues took most people, especially the bears, by surprise. The disposition is to discount the days to come, when the traffic decreases shall be turned into gains and the crop prove to be a record one for the Dominion. From what we ourselves hear by private correspondence, the outlook for the harvest bids much more fairly than it did some weeks ago, and the official cables, couched in terms of glowing optimism, would appear to have some ground for their cheerfulness. Investors should hold their Canadian Pacifics for a substantial rise, but we fail to see the attractions of Grand Trunk junior stocks, and the German syndicate that is a bull of the Ordinary will probably find experience expensive. Hudson's Bays rose in participation of the general Canadian strength, and their supporters have once more started talking the shares to "par."

THE AMERICAN SEESAW.

Clever people who sold bears of Unions on the strength of being able to get in at a much lower figure when the new issue came out have been rather less convinced about their shrewdness just lately. The rise is reared on a basis of solemn farce—could anything be more funny than Mr. Harriman's serious statement as to the Union Pacific requiring no money?—and prices totter to a fall; but we see no reason why that collapse should not be staved off for some long time to come. Indeed, on a dull day, Americans might well be bought by the daring speculator. There is a market tip to buy Missouri shares for a ten-point rise. As a gamble it looks a likely one, but as a gamble only. The whole situation, however, hangs upon the Union Pacific and Mr. Harriman. To read the secret mind of that wily gentleman is now the daily occupation of the American market.

THE KAFFIR "BOOM."

Aided by bear-scambles in De Beers, the Kaffir manipulators were able to put up Gold Fields, Modders, and suchlike shares with a certain degree of ease. It is estimated that fifty to sixty thousand shares are daily changing hands in the Kaffir Circus, and if the calculation has any truth in it, business is manifestly looking up. Expectation looks to increased dividends. The next announcements should be out very shortly, and a good deal of public interest will follow their figures. If they are really good, and show that shares can still be bought on a basis of 10 per cent. yield from reputable properties, Kaffirs will probably go better—provided, that is, that the market is not upset by new issues rushing out, by amalgamation schemes of doubtful desirability and honesty, or by any obvious trickery. And it seems to us that, with the public still apathetic, there is no vast hurry to buy Kaffirs at this present juncture.

INDUSTRIAL INVESTMENTS.

The time to sell Lipton Ordinary will be on the declaration of the dividend. People are going for another fillip to be given to the price after the announcement, and if the shares rise then, sell them, we say, to buy later on a fall.

We don't know who the people are that have been puffing Anglo "A" so ingeniously in the papers lately. But we do know that, on present merits, the stock isn't worth a halfpenny more than the current quotation, if it's worth that.

Nitrate shares are a much happier market. Affairs, financial and physical, seem to be settling down in Chili, and the nitrate rise has farther to go before it halts.

Not a breath of business stirs the Brewery market. To buy good stock is almost as difficult as to sell rubbish. The dealers cling to the belief that the Licensing Bill will be drastically modified before it passes in the House of Commons; let alone the House of Lords.

Imperial Tobacco shares are amongst the best security investments of the Industrial class. Either Preferred or Preference can be bought without a qualm of uneasiness by any investor.

Callender's Cable Construction Ordinary shares yield nearly 7 per cent., and with cheaper money and cheaper materials should have a good year, if the Marconi system does not make an end of cables. We don't think it will.

TWO MINES.

If I have not referred lately to the *Waihi* Mine and the excellent annual report, your readers need not infer that I see any reason to change my opinion of this wonderful property; but the *Waihi* is now so emphatically a mine which, as the French would say, "has arrived," that there is little more to say about it except to record its almost monotonous progress. The announcement, which a good many shareholders must have anticipated, was duly made at the meeting on Thursday that the quarterly dividends would be raised to 4s. a share, or 80 per cent. for the year, to which will come to be added whatever bonus is paid in June next. From a fairly long experience of *Waihi* finance, I think I am quite safe in predicting that shareholders will not receive a smaller dividend on June 1 next than on the same date this year—that is to say, 6s. 6d.—so that for 1908 the distribution will be not less than 17s. 6d. per share, tax free, or 87½ per cent. If all your readers are not *Waihi* shareholders at much below the present price, it is, at any rate, not my fault, and there seems no reason why they should be in a hurry to take their profit at present.

The chairman's statement at the *Great Boulder Proprietary* meeting, also on Thursday, fully confirmed what I had to say last week about the improved prospects of this Company. It is true that it is not the Board's intention to increase the dividend this year, but it is quite clear that the recent developments will necessitate increased dividends in the near future. It is rather curious that the mill is being enlarged to a capacity of 15,000 tons per month, in order to allow the same profit to be made from a lower average grade of ore. This increase was arranged for a year or so ago, when it appeared that it would be good policy to lower the average value of the ore treated; but since then the whole position has been changed by the extraordinary developments on the lowest or 2200-ft. level, and instead of lowering the grade of ore to be sent to the mill it will be necessary to raise it, to keep it to the average value of the whole mine. Next year, therefore, the mills will be able to deal with 180,000 tons against 152,000 last year, and the average grade will be higher. With regard to the latest developments on the 2200-ft. level, I cannot do better than give the manager's cable of last Wednesday: "Driven 2200-ft. level, 600 feet; average width of ore is 7 feet, and assays 37 dwt. per ton. There are still 70 feet to connect both ends; ore in the face from the main shaft going south, width of ore is 8 feet, and assays 100 dwt. per ton; from Edward's shaft, going north, width of ore is 5 feet, averages 40 dwt. per ton."—Q.

Saturday, May 16, 1908.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C. Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

W. B.—We never advised Greek Funding bonds. You asked if we preferred them to Russians, and we said, and still say, "Yes"; but we prefer good Argentine Railway stock, or even Central London Deferred, to either. The Chinese Railway bonds are, for the interest they pay, quite a fair investment.

J. J. T.—If you were to buy (1) City of Mexico bonds, (2) Buenos Ayres and Rosario Railway Ordinary, (3) Central London Deferred, (4) Newcastle Electric Preference shares, and (5) Canadian Pacific Ordinary, you would spread your risks, and get a good rate of interest all round.

YARMOUTH.—*Waihi* mining shares or *Mysore* should fulfil your requirements.

Ex. Div.—We think a share is ex. div. on the first day of the account following that in which it is declared.

D. E. M.—Since your letter was written the meeting has been held, and you can get an account of it in the financial papers of the 15th inst. We hear that the prospects are very encouraging.

SECURITY.—We do not like the Coal and Iron Companies in your list, because the trade is a fluctuating one, and the prospects for the coming year are dubious. In order of security we should say the list should be Nos. 1, 4, 6, 5, 2, 3, but the first two or three are of equal merit.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At Newmarket these may run well: Flying Handicap, Gold Coin; Wednesday Welter, Malise; Newmarket Stakes, Vamose; Three-Year-Old Handicap, St. Peter; Payne Stakes, Norman III.; Bedford Stakes, Buckwheat. At Haydock Park I like the following: Manor Handicap, Ashcroft; Makerfield Handicap, Miesko; Newton Plate, The Mink; Haydock Handicap, Sir Harry; Grand Stand Welter, Old Nick. The following may be near the mark at Gatwick: May Handicap, Persinus; Mart. Plate, Laveno; Champney Plate, Viz; Worth Stakes, Saint's Mead; Spring Handicap, Chrysoberyl; Reigate Welter, Breda; Marlborough Stakes, Lauderdale.

CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"*The Fly on the Wheel.*" By Katherine Cecil Thurston (Blackwood.)—"Anne Page." By Netta Syrett. (Chatto and Windus.) "*Paradise Court.*" By J. S. Fletcher. (Fisher Unwin.)

STEPHEN CAREY, Daisy, his wife, and Isabel Costello were the inevitable three. For longer than the average man, Stephen laughed at love. He deserted bachelorhood merely because "in middle-class Ireland the choosing of a wife follows the making of a home by a natural sequence of events"—

A wife, in his opinion, was useful, possibly attractive as well, but fundamentally useful—a chattel, a being to be clothed and fed and housed to the best of man's ability, but beyond that hardly to be considered; and he had looked round his little world much as the Eastern might have studied the slave-market.

He selected Daisy Norris, daughter of one of the richest men in Waterford—Daisy of the pretty blue eyes and the pretty fair hair, who was scarce twenty, and stupid enough for ten; led her to the altar; made various responses, of the power of which he had little idea; and settled down again to work, conscious only that he had added to his household a being more or less useful. A few years passed, and then, of course, came the great change—with the advent of Isabel—

She was standing by the wall, the centre of a group of men, her head thrown slightly backward, so that the light from the chandeliers fell full upon her rounded chin, her parted lips, and white, flawless teeth. More than ever she suggested the young animal stretching itself to the warmth and comfort of the sun—to the caresses of life; and this subtle, indescribable impression came home to Carey, interwoven with her physical being—lying like a shadow in the blackness of her hair, dancing like a will-o'-the-wisp in her hazel eyes.

He was fascinated, held fast by the witcheries of the great spell-weaver; and he met a response. Isabel had been engaged to his brother Frank, but the elder man had that force of character, that compelling power, that was denied the younger, and the match was cancelled—

"I'd rather die than marry you now!" . . . A world of suggestion was conveyed by the slow straightening of his body, by the slow movement of his fingers, as they groped cautiously towards his waistcoat pocket and fumbled there in a blind, clumsy search. . . . He pulled out a little phial containing half-a-dozen tabloids, and held it up before her. . . . "Oh, no; a fellow isn't a doctor for nothing!" he repeated. "I have only to swallow one of these, and I can tell you, women and the rest won't matter much to me!" . . .

She had wrested the phial from him before he thought of resistance.

And it was by the tabloids in that phial that she died, when Stephen was persuaded back to "the common path"—

As he bent over the punch-bowl, carefully measuring out the wine, her fingers found the pocket, shot into the light again, and, with a swift, noiseless action, dropped two small white objects into Carey's glass. . . . Slowly, automatically, he put out his hand.

Then suddenly a little cry, very low, very faint, broke from Isabel. She put out her hand and arrested his.

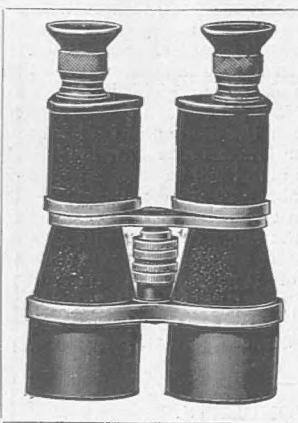
"Wait," she said. "Wait!"

For an instant her fingers lingered upon his; then she drew the tumbler away from him, lifted it slowly, and drank.

Not so good a book as "*The Circle*," less exciting than "*John Chilcote, M.P.*," but quite worth the reading.

Miss Netta Syrett sets out defiantly to prove that a woman who has been a man's mistress (who has attained happiness, as the publisher more discreetly puts it, "by a disregard of the conventions") may be even as other women are, and capable of doing much good in the world. As she herself had the ordering of Anne Page's life, she is in the position of one who solves a problem while knowing the answer, and her task can have presented few difficulties to her. It must be said at once, however, that her solution is one at which few will cavil, and that she has created in Anne a character that is in every way sympathetic. The book should find many readers who will encourage others to read also.

"*Paradise Court*" is singularly fortunate in its chapter-headings: "*The Mysterious Letter*," "*Where is Miss de St. Evreux?*" "*The Light in the Turret Window*," "*The Wrong Young Woman*," "*Voices from the Dead*," "*Sentenced!*" "*The Gleam of Steel*"—what blood-firing adventures, what "curtains," what alarms and excursions, what villainy triumphant and thwarted, what heroism manly and maidly do they not suggest? And Mr. Fletcher has realised his responsibilities. The men and women of whom he writes are ever moving, ever coming into conflict; they live at fever-heat, restless, remorseless, ever scheming, plotting against plots and plotting again. What wonder is it that the reader following their doings strives eagerly to keep pace with them, rejoicing in the struggle, and, ending, is satisfied that he has had a splendid time? Quite seriously. Mr. Fletcher, has produced a melodrama of much merit—one, that is, that is a good deal above the average, while possessing all the necessary flamboyant qualities without which melodrama is not worth the name.



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Henry Wright, Esq., Wellington, New Zealand, writes Dec. 26, 1907:

"The two X 25 (Aitchison) Day Marine Prism Binoculars reached me in perfect order, and I congratulate you on turning out such perfect articles. I had already the best pair of glasses procurable, but they bear no comparison to yours. I have been testing them to-day, and they seem absolutely faultless."

N. Le Rougetel, Esq., Zanzibar, East Africa, writes Feb. 2, 1908:

"I am very pleased with the X 16 (Aitchison) Marine Glasses, which came to hand safely last week. They give excellent results in the clear tropical atmosphere out here."

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